

The Silent Worker



“La Cocina Espanola”
by Eulogio Blasco

April, 1929 ~ 50 cents ~ Vol. 41, No. 4

The National Association of the Deaf

and

The Silent Worker

THE ORGANIZATION THAT WORKS FOR A
SQUARE DEAL FOR ALL THE DEAF:

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In the application of liability, compensation and
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In State and National Labor Bureaus
In the Civil Service
In the classification of schools
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We are out to double the membership of the N. A. D. and the circulation of our magazine. We don't care if we entail a loss of 50 cents on every subscription so long as we boost the membership the N. A. D.

The Silent Worker

This MAGAZINE is always found in the homes of all up-to-date deaf and on the tables of many of their hearing friends. It keeps you posted on what is taking place in the world of the Deaf. It gives you viewpoints not brought out in any other paper of the Deaf.

The SILENT WORKER Tells you everything which the deaf and their friends are doing. It keeps you in step with the accomplishments of the deaf. Foreign deaf frequently contribute articles to this magazine. It has a corps of distinguished staff writers who are always on the alert to give first hand impressions about the deaf.

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The Silent Worker

An Illustrated Bi-Monthly Magazine For, By and About the Deaf of the English-Reading World

Volume 41 No. 4

Trenton, N. J., April, 1929

50 Cents a Copy

Deaf Persons of Note



William H. Schaub, of St. Louis, Mo., Board Member of the National Association of the Deaf, President of St. Louis Division No. 24 National Fraternal Society of the Deaf and for the past twenty-two years an accountant in the general offices of the St. Louis-San Francisco Railway Co.

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William B. Hauner

Deaf Master-Bookbinder of Czechoslovakia

By Kelly H. Stevens



HIS interesting young man was born the twenty-third of June, 1903, of a middle-class Czech family. His father is a doctor of philosophy and a writer upon scientific subjects. It is not accurately known if William was born deaf, or if he lost his hearing at the age of six months when he was quite ill. They noticed his deafness at the age of two, in finding that he did not try to speak.

The boy was educated privately, by the oral method, by teachers of the deaf who came to his parents' home. His mother, in particular, devoted herself to his education, and sought to give him every advantage. It is above all due to her care that he ranks so high among the educated deaf of Europe. The mother herself, Madame Jitka-Haunerova, is a woman of real culture and wide learning. She speaks and reads several languages, among them English, which she understands uncommonly well. She earnestly aided the teaching of speech to her deaf child, commencing when he was three years of age.

When William was eight years old, he began to attend the private classes in drawing of Mr. Ebert, a professor at the Normal School. He was the only deaf pupil in the classes. Here he learned among other things to make conventional flower designs, after nature. In the annual exhibitions which were presented by these classes, his designs were always praised.

Having just passed his fifteenth year, William began to learn book-binding in the establishment of Mr. L. Bradec, the best book-binder in Prague, who was formerly a pupil of Mr. Blanchetier of Paris with whom he had

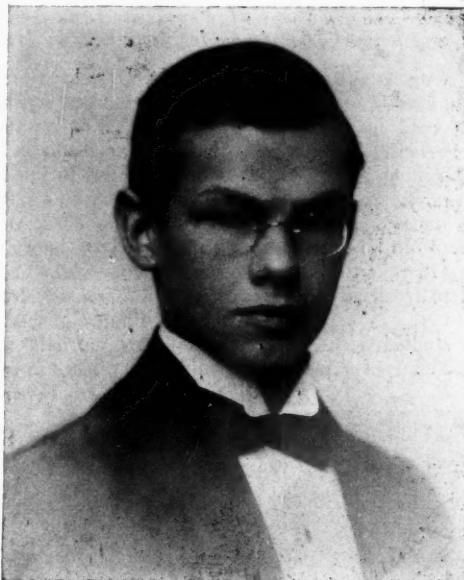
worked for a year and a half. Professor Bradec was later to be Hauner's instructor in artistic book-binding in the National School of Graphic Art.

From two years spent with Mr. Bradec, young Hauner entered the National School of Graphic Art as the first and only deaf student who had ever entered. Here he took drawing under the great painter, Mr. V. B. Brunner. This school is planned after the Estienne School in Paris, and follows the same courses. Hauner spent two years there and obtained a certificate, equivalent to a letter of apprenticeship in book-binding. Leaving the School, he entered once more into the studio of Mr. Bradec for whom he worked as a journeyman for two years.

Seeing the young artist's promise in his craft, Mr. Bradec advised him to go to Paris, to enlarge his knowledge of fine book-binding. Hauner went there in 1924. In spite of the recommendations of Mr. Bradec and his certificates from the Graphic School, Hauner was not able to find a place in the studio of any master book-binder in Paris. They did not even desire to welcome him, because of his deafness. Finally he took a place as an ordinary workman in the commercial bindery of Mr. Engel, and later worked for the Taupin Bindery. He worked in Paris for fifteen months. The last month he was there, he took a course in artistic book-binding

and gilding in the Studio Pagnier-Meyrueis, which proved very inspiring to him.

In spite of his inability to obtain a place in the studio of an art-bookbinder in Paris, the young craftsman made good use of his time and work there. His artistic training profited by the high and ancient French culture



Mr. William B. Hauner



Illuminations in the Persian style, designed and executed by the writer for the inside of covers for the "Zadig"



Illuminated diploma, presented to the Association de Sordomudos de Madrid by Mr. Hauner, on behalf of the Czech Deaf, during the ceremonies in honor of Ponce de Leon in May, 1926. Designed, executed, and bound in handsome leather covers by Hauner

which showed itself to him in the many beautiful museums, and especially in the wonderful Exposition of Modern Decorative and Industrial Art held in 1925. In Paris he perfected his knowledge of French. He will always be grateful to France for the finishing touch which its culture and art imparted to his craftsmanship.

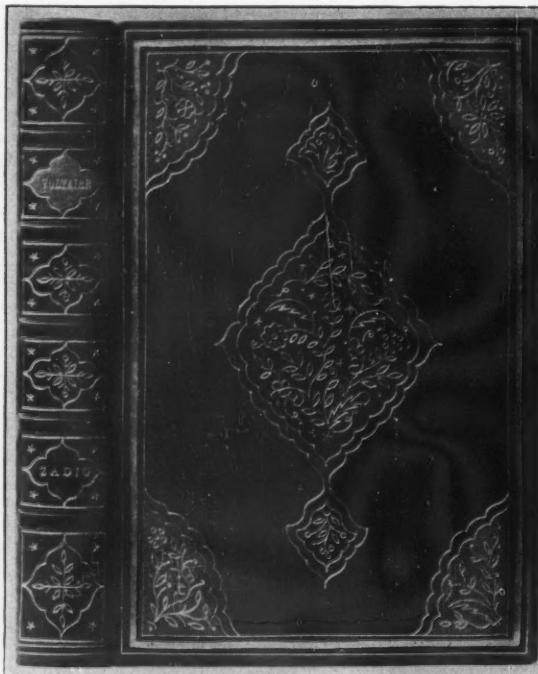
Returning to Prague in 1925, he worked in the establishment of Mr. Nozicka, and after 1926 he once more entered the School of Graphic Arts to join the highest classes, which are especially founded to teach gilding and the finer varieties of book-binding.

In the School of Graphic Arts he studied with Mr. J. Solar, an excellent painter of the Academy of Fine Arts,

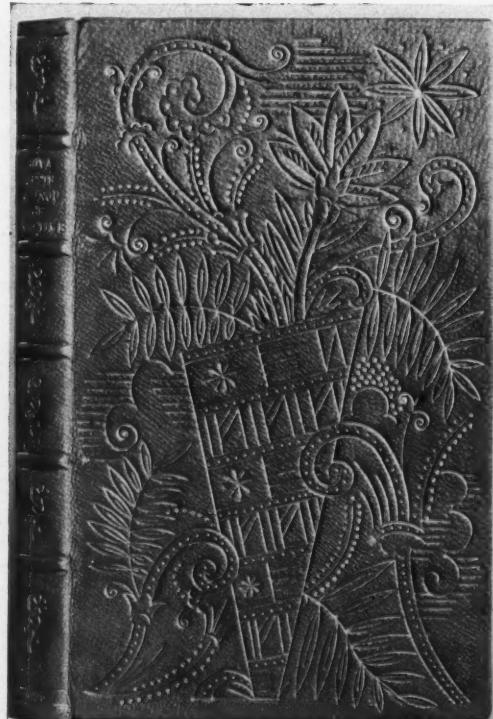
and Mr. Hessel, an art-bookbinder. Hauner won several prizes in the competitions held in the school.

Hauner's fine bindings have been exhibited in expositions of fine books in Prague, Pilzen, and Brunn in his native country during 1926 and 1927; lately at Copenhagen, Denmark, in 1926; at Amsterdam, Holland, in 1926; at Chicago in 1927, at the Czechoslovak Sokol House; in Trenton, New Jersey, in 1927; at the second *Salon des Artistes Silencieux* at Paris in December, 1927, and at the third *Salon des Artistes Silencieux* at Madrid in May, 1928. Photos of his fine work have been published in various art journals, and his work pronounced promising and highly praised in various Czech papers like *Cesky Svet*, *Graficka Prace*, *Vyrochni Zpravy*, etc., during 1926 and 1927.

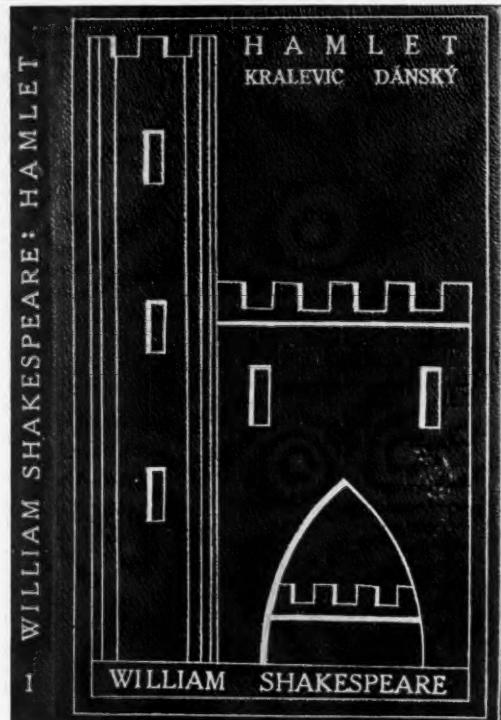
Each binding which this artist turns out is in itself a



Binding in the Persian style for Voltaire's romance "Zadig." Designed by the writer. Executed in coffee-colored leather, inlaid panels and corners in red and blue leathers and richly tooled and gilded by Mr. Hauner

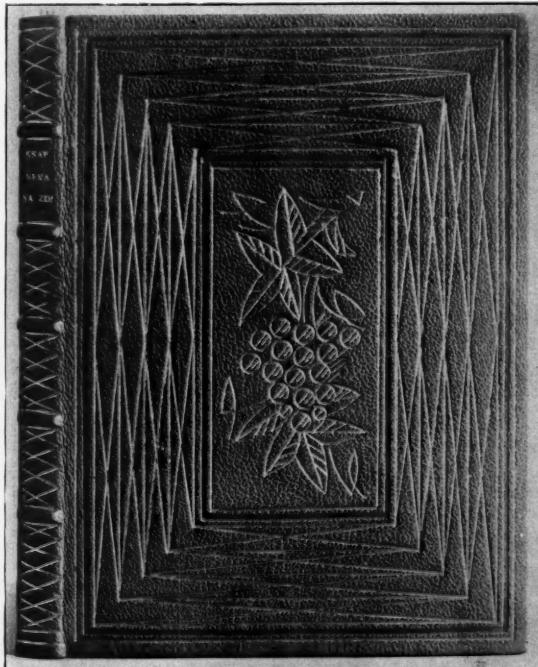


A richly tooled and gilded binding by Mr. Hauner



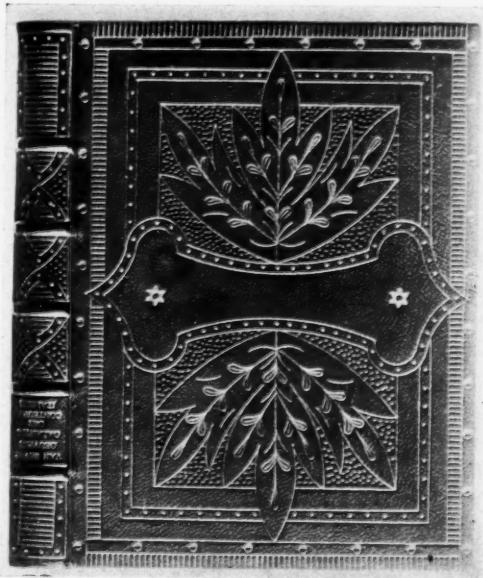
Binding designed and executed by Hauner

work of art. He first plans his design to suit the mood of the book, that is to fit in with the subject matter and the character of the illustrations in the book. When this problem has been solved and a suitable design planned, and the preliminary binding of the pages and the board



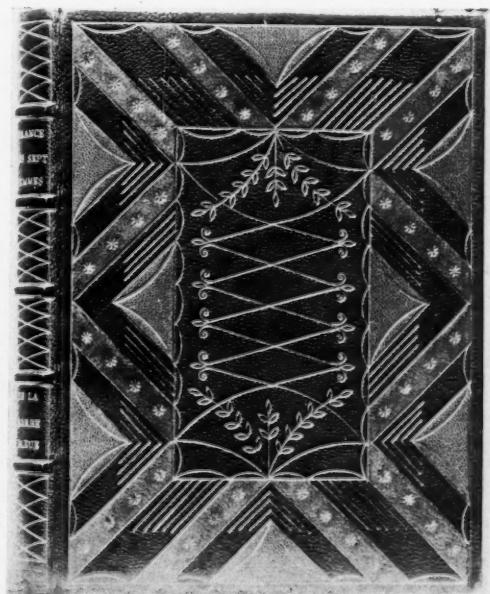
A fine modernistic binding, designed and executed by Mr. Hauner

covers accomplished, Hauner turns to the execution of the leather covers, to the application of his design. He takes rich, rare leathers, cuts, glues, and inlays them, and then enriches them with pure gold leaf, put on in lines and



Binding in green leather, richly tooled in gold by Mr. Hauner

patterns with the aid of hot irons, made especially for the work. The result is a work of surpassing richness and beauty, pleasing in the depth and color of the leathers used and the bright gleaming gold which enhances the beauty of the design. Even the edges of the covers are designed and gilded, and a rich border of design carried over to the inside of the covers. The inside of the covers and the



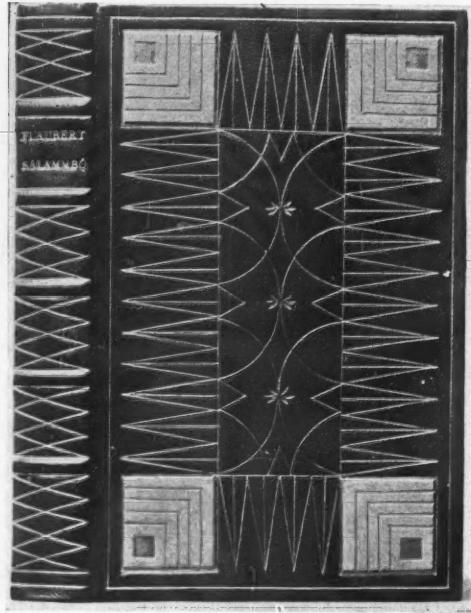
Binding by Hauner for "The Seven Wives of Bluebeard" by Anatole France. Three colors of leather inlaid and gilded

fly leaves are glorified with hand-made papers in bright designs, or even with drawings, made to harmonize with the character of the book and its cover.

While in the School of Graphic Arts in 1927, Hauner

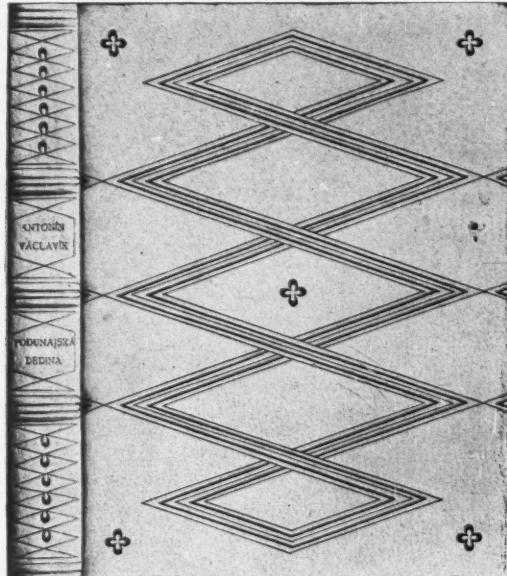
destined to contain important state documents of the Republic. This order he carried out to perfection in his usual impeccable craftsmanship.

At the time of the unveiling of the Pedro Ponce de Leon



Binding for Gustave Flaubert's "Salammbo" by Hauner

was entrusted with the execution of a leather-covered casket, decorated with the Czechoslovak arms and colors,



Binding designed and executed by Hauner

statue in Madrid, in May, 1926, he presented to the Association de Sordomudos of Madrid, a commemorative diploma from their Czech confreres, beautifully lettered



Tennis is Mr. Hauner's favorite sport



With a group of Czech merry-makers. Mr. Hauner is at the extreme right

by himself and bound in leather. We illustrate it here. It is in two languages, Czech and Spanish.

Beside being a true artist and craftsman in his chosen *metier*. William Hauner is an internationally known figure among the deaf of Europe. He has been sent by the Czech deaf as their delegate, thanks to his command of languages and his agreeable personality, to every international convention of the deaf in the last few years. He was at Liege in 1924, at the Congress for the Deaf in Paris in October, 1925, at the unveiling of the Ponce de Leon monument in Madrid in May, 1926, at the

Heinicke celebration in Germany in the summer of 1927, each time as representative of his Czech fellow-deaf. The success of the International Congress of the Deaf in Prague, in the summer of 1928 was largely due to his efforts. For a year and more before the Congress he was an indefatigable publicity agent, and his efforts drew delegates from the remotest countries of Europe, and even from America. He took a leading part in entertaining the guests, and won many friends by his boyish charm and sympathetic manners.

The Argonaut

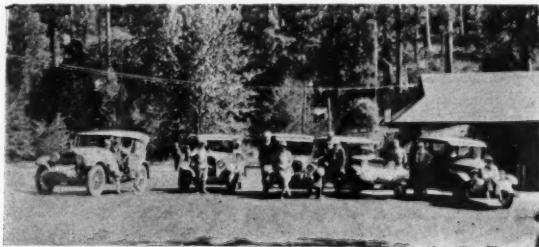
By J. W. Howson

HE LAST meeting of the committee launched by the state legislature to investigate conditions surrounding the education of the deaf of California, exceeded the expectations of the most sanguine of the adult deaf. All the things that the latter have contended should be done for the deaf children of the future and what should not have been done in the past were unanimously upheld by this committee. The present site of the school was approved as the permanent home of the deaf, as was a building program involving an outlay of a million dollars extending over a period of ten years. Much more did this committee touch upon, which at this early date would hardly be in place to put in print. The committee is still to make its report to the legislature, and then there are the legislature and other state officials to deal with, and though the final outcome looks tolerably secure, it would be premature to take everything for granted. State Superintendent of Schools Cooper and Principal Stevenson of the School for the Deaf were in attendance.

* * *

At the state fall elections, a proposition on the ballot to make the office of state superintendent of schools appointive instead of elective, failed of passage. Superintendent Cooper who was appointed to this office to fill a vacancy, has never stood for election, and he does not intend to. Semi-official statements credit him with preparing to resign and accept the office of United States Commissioner of Education. This office would locate him in Washington, D. C. Mr. Cooper has come to learn the needs of the

deaf, as well as their abilities, by personal contact with them. His leaving the state will be a distinct loss to the local deaf. The local loss could be turned to Gallaudet College's gain. He is, however, a modernest in education.



Another view of the Caravan

He looks with favor upon the Junior College movement, being one of its strongest advocates, and he believes in linking the schools directly with industries, and chances are he may view with some concern Gallaudet's rather rigid adherence to academic courses.

* * *

At the same elections there was passed a proposition to assist the handicapped. It was carried by a large majority. This means that the blind, the deaf, the crippled, and others who may not be getting an equal opportunity with the normally endowed to meet life's problems, will now receive assistance from the state. As far as the deaf are concerned there are ways in which they can be materially assisted. There are other ways of providing assistance, which if not positively injurious, may be looked upon with doubt. It is presumed that the state will be judicious in the matter.

* * *

Vacationing in the mountains of California is not uncommon for the deaf residents, but when any large party make the trip that is unusual. I do not recall that any party of the deaf filling half a dozen automobiles ever before made the trip. We were mostly Berkeley residents, the out-of-staters being Mr. and Mrs. Peter T. Hughes, of Fulton, Missouri. Berkeley maintains several municipal camps and our objective was two of these situated in the high Sierras. An hour or so carried us over the Coast Range mountain and a like amount of time was consumed in crossing the great interior valley, not long enough to suffer in particular from the heat. But



Part of the caravan of half a dozen automobiles which transported a group of Berkeley deaf and friends into the high Sierras. This photo was taken just before the party split up into two groups, one of which entered the Yosemite Valley while the other proceeded over the Tioga Pass.



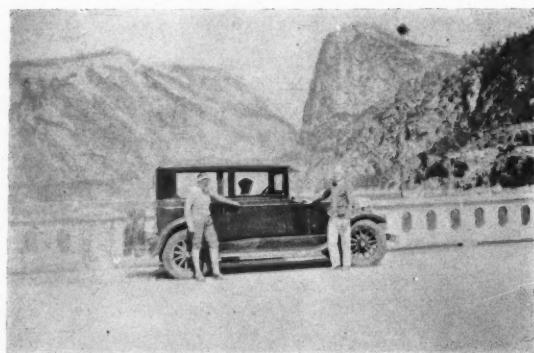
Resting during a hike in the Sierras. The first municipal camp at which this party stopped afforded many excellent foot and saddle trails. Left to right—Mrs. J. W. Howson, Peter T. Hughes, Walter Lester, Mrs. W. S. Runde, J. W. Howson, W. Runde. A splendid day's drive from the first camp was to the Hetch-Hetchy dam, source of San Francisco's new water supply. The valley of the same name in which this dam is located is considered by many to surpass even the Yosemite in beauty and grandeur. Taken on top of the dam, Mrs. Hughes, Mrs. Vinson, Mrs. Howson, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Campbell, Mrs. Barnes, Mr. Lester, Mr. Runde, Mrs. Runde.

Climbing the Sierras was another matter. The long winding Priest Hill, much of which had to be negotiated in second gear, alone took as much time as had been required to come cross the Coast Range.

Finally we arrived at the camp of our first destination. Located at around 4,000 feet elevation and not far from the Yosemite, we found ourselves ideally situated. The camp has excellent tents and a dining-room, which furnished meals at a price so low. I would be ashamed to mention it here. A club house, a swimming pool, foot and saddle trails for the daytime and camp fires for the night added to, but did not complete the camp's attractions. This camp is well patronized by the state university element. An entertainment was staged one evening to which the deaf added their talent, and it is safe to say that the audience learned more about the deaf then and there than will likely again fall to their lot.

Following a short trip into the famed Hetch-Hetchy valley, rated by some as superior to the Yosemite, our party split. Some of the autos proceeded into the Yosemite. The rest elected to follow the celebrated Tioga

road. Chances are that had the road been well known, not all who had elected to follow it would have made the trip. To run into a 28 per cent grade at an altitude of 7,000 feet or so is not a pleasant prospect. Most cars could barely make it even in low gear. This applied



The Argonaut's car on top of the Hetch-Hetchy dam. Most of the members of the party descended the 300 steps or so into the cavernous interior of the dam where they viewed the rushing waters pouring out to begin the journey of several hundred miles to California's metropolis.

to the powerful mountain stages as well. We became badly strung out, but were well rewarded in passing beautiful Tenaya Lake, Tuolumne Meadows and other points of surpassing interest, which were almost continuous in their appearance. Finally we went over Tioga Pass itself, at an elevation of 10,000 feet.

The trip down the Pass was thrilling. The road winds itself along precipitous cliffs, being a mere scratch a thousand feet or so upward and as much downward. Passing other cars was for the car on the outside of the trail literally shaving eternity, one came so close to the brink of a yawning chasm. Finally we got down to Mono Lake and spent the evening at Bridgeport.

The two Berkeley camps, not more than 200 miles apart seemed on paper a pleasant day's journey. Yet



While the older members of the party were partial to hikes, the younger element patronized the "ponies." Prices were so moderate that they seldom missed a day in the saddle.

here we were at dark with less than half the distance covered. Emery Vinson, who vowed to make the trip from camp to camp by 3 p. m. of the first day, was passed the second day with friend wife going at 15 miles



Emery Vinson escorts his wife to the lunching place above the water of Hetch-Hetchy Lake. By nature and inclination Emery feels right at home amongst this rugged scenery.

per, while Emery was massaging the rear seat as a reward for skidding on the gravelly curves.

We proceeded north cutting into Nevada, possibly the most-beautiful portion of the state. Thence we turned west and mounted the Kingbury grade. There may be worse grade than the Kingbury, but you dear reader are not likely to meet with any. On this grade one goes up



The Campbell car stops by the way-side. In fact, this four cylinder model stopped of its own accord a good many times on the steep mountain grades, but local garage men skilled to high altitudes adjusted the mechanism so that the car did last out the entire journey creditably.

and up, mile after mile, until the houses and roads and farms in the valley which has just been left merge into an indistinct mass. It is necessary to go in low gear most of the way and cars have to stop every few hundred feet

to add water. Furthermore, the engine must be allowed to cool, else a miniature geyser that may cover the entire car, will ensue. At last the grade was made and we came down to Lake Tahoe. Then up again and near 8,000 feet altitude we entered the second Berkeley camp. Conditions here were much like those at the lower camp, but the scenery was more rugged. Strange to say the nights were not much colder.

A few days' stay and we were off again, down the magnificent American river, famed in California's history



In the high Sierras on the shore of Lake Tenaya. The rugged grandeur of the scenery all along the Tioga road was continuous in its unfolding.

for its early gold rushes. The road was excellent and we made Sacramento about noon. An afternoon spent here was followed by a delightful drive home in the evening along the bank of the winding Sacramento river.

* * *

It is surprising to what an extent the deaf can make their power felt, if they will but organize in the effort. Any worthy cause, righteously defended and carefully presented, is sure to meet with the approval of the general public. This recalls to mind an article appearing recently



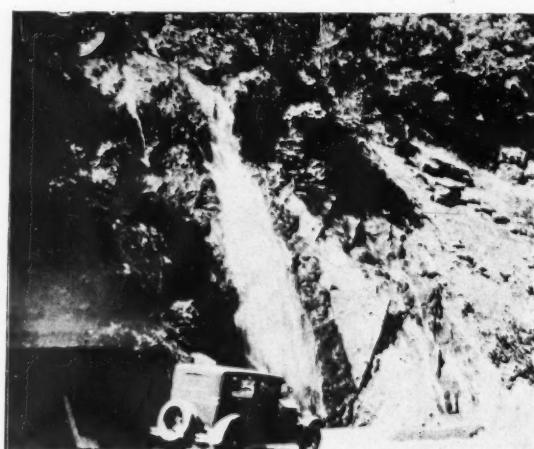
The Argonaut's car at the summit of Tioga Pass. Here the elevation is near 10,000 feet. Though improved in recent years, the road over this pass is still notoriously difficult to negotiate.



The descent on the eastern side of the Tioga Pass is one of thrills. The narrow slit along the cliffs of this pass looks mild in this picture to what the road really is. Autoists passing to the outside on the road literally shave eternity, so close do they come to the yawning chasm which extends a thousand feet or so below. Between the two camps, the party passed the night at Bridgeport, a mountain town located in scenery such as this.

on the sporting page of a prominent San Francisco daily. It concerned a football game in which the Stanford team was returned an easy winner. The game was, so the report wrote, "as interesting as a deaf-mute's political conviction." What under the world caused the reporter to draw such a simile is beyond comprehension. It is certain that he was unaware of the fact that the full-back on the Stanford team, whom he lauded as by far the greatest player in the game, is the son of deaf parents. Aside from this, an investigation might reveal the fact that, taking a cross section of population of the state of California, as a basis, the political convictions of the deaf of the state, are, in proportion to numbers, more convincing than that of any other small group. Certainly the deaf have, during the past two years, made their influence felt politically throughout the state. I believe that all the state officials, from the governor down, will admit this to be a fact. The deaf are not by any means politically endowed, but most of them have been wards of the state and from childhood have had contact with their alma mater, if the state may be so-called. Furthermore they have been constantly on the alert to protect and advance their rights, educationally, as to operators of motor vehicles, in connection with employers' liability insurance, and in other avenues. Naturally

this experience is valuable to them. Also the deaf in spite of their tendency to flock to cities are quite uniformly distributed among the population. Each maintains per-



These waterfalls we encountered on the homeward trip down the America river to Sacramento. Countless thousands of miners in the hectic days of '49 passed these same falls because the diggings were rich both up and down the stream from this locality



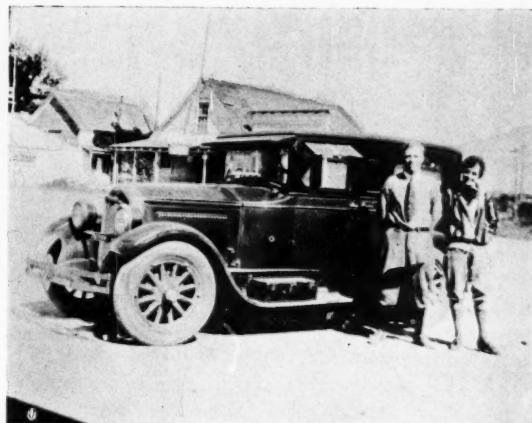
Another view of the Tioga Pass with the monuments which decorate its crest.

sonal contact with a greater or less number of hearing people. It thus comes to pass that a few thousand deaf may influence the opinion of tens of thousands, even hundreds of thousands of voters. That is if they will but organize.

* *

The value of this tendency to organize among the deaf may be well illustrated by a contest now going on in the courts of California. The case at issue is one of wealth on one side and none on the other. It involves the custody of a child, whether the same shall be left in the care of an admittedly deserving mother or kept therefrom at the request of wealthy and influential relatives of the father. The latter is admittedly unfit to hold custody of the child. The case dragging along after several years attracted an element of the deaf quite apart from the political group.

They decided that there was apt to be a miscarriage of justice. Hastily banding together, a sum of money was raised to employ a more competent lawyer for the mother. Civic workers were interested in the case. A daughter of deaf parents, sister of Lon Chaney, volunteered her services as interpreter. Now evidence in wholesale lots was collected by the deaf workers. The high salaried battery of lawyers employed by the opposition were swept off their feet by the onslaught. The case quickly simmered down to the question of the best interests of the child. The judge questioned the advisability of committing a child to the care of a deaf mother. His attention was quickly called to the woman who was so ably interpreting the case, herself raised by a deaf mother. Numerous other instances were cited. The judge, perplexed, tried to effect a compromise. But wealth, as always, was obdurate. The case still hangs fire. A national issue may arise. Deaf mothers of America, your interests are at stake.



Mr. and Mrs. Peter T. Hughes near the Nevada border line and shortly before they broke away from the caravan, to steal across the wastes of Nevada, back to old Missouri



Alice Howson and Lousie Vinson illustrate to Bridgeporters what young America considers the proper attire for young ladies on camping trips. Peter Hughes and Campbell also illustrate correct traveling outfits for such hardy tourists as patronize the best hotel in town. We skirted into Nevada and lest readers may be under the false impression that all Nevada is a desert, young John Campbell stands at one of Uncle Sam's boundary pillars to disprove the idea.

THE CARE OF CLOCKS

Systematic and intelligent care is as important to a clock as to any other delicate piece of machinery. The engineer who cares for a locomotive; the seamstress who sews with a machine; the owner of an automobile—all of these realize that to get the best service there must be reasonably frequent cleaning, oiling and adjusting.

People expect a clock to keep time accurately with little or no attention, although the amount of friction in its working which means wear and tear, is considerable in the course of each year.

A pendulum clock should be placed on a level shelf or floor, so as to prevent rocking. If necessary, wedge it to make it steady. A pendulum clock cannot be expected to run properly on a table or other movable furniture. A hanging clock should be securely fastened to the wall so that it may not swing out of position when being

wound; it should never be hung on a temporary partition for the least vibration may stop it.

Do not wind any clock within ten minutes before striking time. The best time is immediately after the clock has finished striking. All clocks should be wound at a regular time. A one-day clock should be wound every day at the same hour; an eight-day clock, on the same day each week. In this way a clock is working always on the same general tension of the spring and can be more accurately regulated. The only exception to this rule is the large clock with weights.

Every clock should be properly cleaned and its worn parts carefully repaired and adjusted at least once every two years. In this time it is not likely that the clock would be actually dirty, but the oil in it attracts a certain amount of dust which will cause friction and wear out the parts. Cheap clocks take as much care as expensive ones.

DENVER THUMBNAILS

By J. Frederick Meagher

THURSDAY'S LITANY!

From the hot Convention Hall, with its dismal dron and drivel and drool; from its clamor of claptrap cavil and carp; from fretful flies and sassy sergeants-at-harms; from parliamentary nit-wits; from guys who whisper: "Is it true all you great poets are "nuts?"—oh, Lord, deliver us!

But most of all—oh, Lord—deliver us from chronic I-second-mentioners, with their smug, self-satisfied smirk showing they have not the faintest idea what it is all about!

They make us WAE—Weary And Exhausted!

INSTALLMENT VI



ET'S LASSO Thursday, July 14, 1927
...Dawned the delegates' Merry Xmas—Out Where the Rest Begins... "Red sky at morning—the shepherd's warning; red sky at night—the shepherd's delight"... Bunk!... That red glow must be a false alarm—for the convention has been so perfect nothing can happen today... Atlanta was too fatal; St. Paul too stingy; Washington too hot; but the luck of Colorado 1910 still holds-over in 1917. (Ah! little I dreamed of that day's dire disasters!)

Over 30 busses and countless private cars start at 8:43 A.M... Service car at rear of long cavalcade renders first-aid to unfortunate motorists... "Test your brakes."... Big red NFSD emblems pasted on rear of every vehicle, to aid others follow the trail... Busses full—but not jammed—at \$3.50 round-trip, just half regular price... Thank Frank Lessley, Majordomo of the day.

Tom Kennedy (Detroit) chairman of the 1920 Nad convention, praises Colorado's management—one expert judging another... Managing big conventions is a dog's life, let me tell you... "What lasting good came of your own conv?" I ask. "Well, the Nad emblem now used on letterheads, etc., I myself originally drew for Detroit," he rejoins. "You designed it, eh? Get any coin or credit therefor?" He shakes his head, sorrowfully... That's the way of the world, mine love—our countless good deeds are forgotten tomorrow, but our few sins are rememberable unto the uttermost ends of time!

Merrily we roll along, "For to admire and for to see."... Humanity's greatest paradox—the Defeated Undefeated... Orthodox frats; and thumb-twiddling floor-walkers; air-castle architects, and one-vote popguns; picture-wire politicians, and sashweighted boobs; boy-statesmen, and habitual "yessers;" Goliaths of gumption, and gutless-wonders... Chronic I-second-motioners—arm-weary from futile flagging for the floor... Gentleman Adventurers, and able-bodied landlubbers... All rollicking, reckless rovers on a rollicking, reckless spree!

Gaxalys of giggling girls... Fair *femmes*, fastidious, but not fast... Vain Valkvries... Buxum corn-fed country lassies, and half-starved skeletons with city palor... Visions in pink and white, whose eyes bespeak a spiritual purity which stirs one strangely... Kids in knickers and knickers on kids... Middle-aged ladies with wistful eyes and crooked smiles... Who dreamed dear dreams which will never come true!

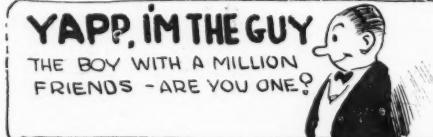
The Defeated Undefeated—of all degrees and stations... Arrogant asphalt Arabs... Dreamers of Dreams

... Doers of Deeds... Corner-sports who prattle of a future which will never come... And romantic guys who are girlin'... A woman will believe everything she hears—provided she wants to believe it... The easier on the eyes a girl is, the harder she is on the pocketbook!

So they tell me, anyway.

Here are some selfish souls swapping votes... Here, also, are others—Crusaders of Chivalry—exemplars of excellence—charming cavaliers... big men with bulging jaws, character written all over stonily-lined faces, like: Howson (Berkeley), Durian (Hartford), McCabe (Utica), Kemp (Chicago), Craven (Oregon), Duvall (Baltimore), Seaton (Huntington), McNeil (St. Paul), Veditz (Denver), Loucks (Sioux Falls), Gibson (Chicago), Morris (Miami), Frankenheim (Manhattan), Anderson (Council Bluffs), O'Leary (Spokane), and the Toronto triplets, Shilton and Jaffray... Proving no one corner of the continent has a monopoly on brains or character.

Merrily we roll along—blithe bunch of buccaneers... But who is that bonny bird climbing all over coach seats, and building brotherly dom-mots on facile fingers? Jim Coughlan (Buffalo)—yapp he's the guy!



New contacts, fresh interest and fun keep the mind young... Merrily we roll along—High-heart of Youth; Life, Love and Laughter... This convention will be remembered long after the cost is forgotten... The glorious, glamorous 29-mile drive over mountains and through canyons, is made in one hour and 24 minutes, debouching at 10:17 by the mammoth rustic hotel of Troutdale-in-the-Pines... This is near Evergreen—a verdant valley having the summer homes of many wealthy nabobs... Icy swimming-pool; magnificent pavilion overlooking a crystal lagoon where trout simply fight for our crumbs—"Positively No Fishing!"... Saddle horses available at \$2 per hour... But the *nee plus ultra*, the *piece de resistance*, the tadpole's-teddies, is a snowpile!



That hombre Lessley had ordered two truck-loads of snow from a nearby mountain, only \$25 per load; had it dumped just over the small hillock behind the hotel, and planned to select two picked teams for a snowball battle as soon as the first fresh novelty of the day was waning... But a stray scouting party espies it pronto, scoops up an armful, and scampers back to drop it piecemeal down select and sacred necks!!! Real snow on a hot day in July?... And then the riot starts... Talk of your Gold Rush over Chilkoot Pass; talk of Moses' flight out of Egypt; talk of maddened mobs in riot—you should see 600 frenzied fraters and their friends swarm over that hill!

Talk of the Charge of the Bright Brigade:

Canyons to right of them
Pine trees to left of them,
Mountains in front of them
Watchfully wondered.
Boldly they ran, and well,
(Gosh, it was sweet and swell)
Into that snowpile hell
Dashed our Six Hundred.



"The Aryans came down like a wolf upon the fold," and what we do to that snowpile is a shock and a shame and a scandal... Gibson and his wife are among the first targets... McLaughlin—a former University of Rochester athlete—has bleeding lips at the first volley... Lads chase lassies in Bacchantic abandon, and the nymphs as joyously chase in return... This sudden reversion to primordial passion is unequaled in deaf convention history... Here in the forest primeval dignified and dapper delegates revert to abysmal brutes; zealously hurling chilly missiles even as their caveman ancestors did in some similar wilderness!

And those missiles hurt!

Hurt? I'll tell the world! As Tom Anderson explained later (smart man, Thomas): "Mountain snow does not cluster in feathery whips on the branches of silver spruce. It comes hurtling out of the frozen reaches of interstellar space in the form of gravel and broken rock, and this aggregate forms the 'teeth' so often spoken of in connection with a 'gale'.

That "snow" is more like chipped-ice!

Jack and Jill
Went up the hill—
They came back sad and sadder;
For snow, alack,
Went down their back—
Which made them mad and madder!

Troy Hill (Texas) tees-off to throw a snowball—which lands in the rough... Before he recovers his stance, Yoder (Ft. Wayne) stymies him with a perfect putt—put right in his face... Troy turns with a grieved look and—pronto—Berg (South Bend) reaches up on tip-toe to jam a handful down his neck... Troy decides he can't make par on these greens, and marches off.

You lose all life's three best blessings—
Faith, Hope, Charity by heck—
When they jam an icy snowpile
Down your nice, new, tender neck!

And then some evil genius conceives the native idea of installing Denver Division No. 1, NFS (meaning "Nights" From the Snow Dump.) Whereon they pounce on divers and several luckless wights, and dump them headlong into that big snowpile!

Whereat heartless heathens laugh... "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."... Me, I do not laugh... Quite the contrary... I am too tender-hearted... There is nothing funny about it... Besides, they happen to pick me as their first victim!

Who put that note of madness in my story?
Who strung that strain of sadness in my song?
Who tarnished all life's oiden golden glory?
What brutish brudder up and done me wrong?
Its that curse called "Cussy"—Cusaden—and all his cut-throat crew!
Like they toted Danny Deever, willy-nilly, so they threw
Me in frozen Acqua Pura where the wild icicles grew!..
Sexton; toll the gong!

Yesser! Surreptitiously, feloniously and by stealth, Cusaden (Omaha) the gigantic tackle of Gallaudet College's famed football teams of 1912-'16; aided and abetted, I believe, by Burns (Jacksonville, Ill.), Marty (Council Bluffs), Hester (Jersey City), and several other blubberbrained, blunderbeaned, blockheaded baboons having the bodies of hippos and the brains of gnats, grab me from behind... Introduce my celebrated carcass to Bichloride of Frappe... Just as though I were a common college freshman, they jam great handfuls down my noted neck... And—woe is me—stuff my priceless pantaloons with the accursed stuff!

It may have been fun for you yahoos, I reck;
For meager old me 'twas a pain in the neck!

When it came to a snowball drive, Cussy "went over the top."... The top of my collar!

Just think of it! The nerve of those brainless, boisterous, buccaneering barbarians—profaning my sacred person with ruthless rascality! Oh, those insignificant, insolent, ignoramuses in their incomprehensible incompetency; those thickheaded, fatheaded, boneheaded boobs from tank-towns—laying hands on the Exalted Poo-Bah from the Big City! Question: When is a joke not a joke? Answer: When the joke is on you!

Anyway, he who laughs last, didn't see the joke in the first place.

X plus Y
Means the battle in the sky;
Cussy pounced on sinner and Quaker—
And the final victor was the undertaker!

Rescuing my spectacles intact, I mediate revenge... But, considering the size of those pusillanimous petrodactyls, it is palpably impolite to permeate the air with prime and poisonous language—reviewing them and their predecessors with relish and with rage!

I hesitate to indulge in tautological redundancy, detesting as I do that form of pleonasm... So I address them in language neither sesquipedalian or sententious as: "Rhomboïdinalitiducus, isosohedronal catawampusii!"

(Of course YOU know what those words mean... But if you don't, then please don't ask me... For I don't know either—I got them out of a book.)

Cussy and his criminal crew—those expurgated such-and-such—evidently don't know what they mean either; for they stand in dazed amaze as I stagger to the safety zone... Proving the pen is mightier than the sword—and the dictionary is mightier than a snowball.

WAE means "What Awful Expletives."

(But I have a long memory... Ask Tammany—it knows.)

From Tom's interstellar reaches
Comes the snow that soaks my breeches
Amid rubbernecks' screeches,
Chortles, chuckles, guffaws, grins!

The sun is hot... So is my temper... This double heat causes chunks of snow, lodged somewhere in my clothing, to melt... Know how melting snow feels?... Honest, I haven't felt so childish since I was a child!

It's easy enough to be pleasant,
When the other guys run in woe;
But the frat worth while
Is the fool who can smile
When his pantaloons soaked with snow!

The heathen horde then proceed to baptize other "Knights"—starting with Kenner (New York) and Barnes (Schenectady)... It is cruel to take advantage of that sissy, Kenner... like a tender faun, he is crushed... His fraternal faith falters... His simple love is disillusioned. But he rises from the ruins like a man—and slams one of those brutes square on the snout!



The most timely snapshot of the whole convention—credit to Edwin Hazel. Left to right: Eugene Fry (commercial artist of Omaha) ducking a second too late—snowball splatters square on his neck and sleeve. "Nadio" (striped tie, Chicago) escaping to no-man's-land just after the snowbath described herewith. Mad as a wet hen—but crafty enough to zig-zag; the snowball-hitting Fry was intended for "Nadio's" royal noddle. Troy Hill (back to camera, Dallas) winding-up for a bullseye at close quarters. Mullin (Omaha) Big berthazing one across the creek at Mrs. Howson's home guard. Mrs. Hazel (Omaha) laughingly shaking the snow off her back. Cholly Seaton (Romney, W. Va.) snowball in hand, carefully picking his quarry. Z. Osmund (tire dealer, Omaha) marching in to get his Pile of snow, four feet high, seen in background.

I see now why they nickname Cusaden, the "Cussy." ... Did I cuss he? ... You bet I cussed that cussed cuss, "Cussy."



Mrs. James Howson (Berkeley) has never seen snow before... Terrified by the chilly contact of that first spoonfull down her shapely neck, she remains in the safety-zone across the creek... Until an extra well-thrown snowball hurtles an unprecedented distance hitting her between wind and water... How, son—how's that, Howson?

(Exclusive photograph of Cusaden having his eyes examined for new glasses, immediately on reading this. Next time he will know better than to pick on the power of the press for his practical jokes.)

"IF"

(As Kipling didn't have sense enough to write it.)

If you can keep your head when, all about you,
Are savages swallowing in snow;
If you can grin when Deafdom's Dukes, who doubt you,
Rub all your sacred cuticles aglow:
If you can feel some false, fat frater's folly
Glide—chill and chilling—downward to your lap
To melt right there! If you can still be jolly,
Migosh, Old Socks, but you must be a sap!

Kufflewski (Chi-Oral-106) tries to "lip" out of taking a snowbath... He finds snow speaks the same in all languages—manual and pure-oral included!

Sutter (Milwaukee) escaping to no-man's-land, slips and falls in the icy water up to his neck... Flounders back to *terra firma*... One man's eye looks like someone socked him a Mary Ann... This business of "Knighting" is getting to be a regular riot... There is Tin Star—safely up on a hill-top of course... I pull out my pad and begin to take notes... But some addle-pated nincompoops spy the process—and proceed to give me a second "Knighting".... Good-bye, notes!

Ye craftsmen of the snowpile,
You had your gentle joke:
I do not wish you no bad luck—
But, oh, I hope you choke!

"Thar's gold in them thar hills:" W. W. Cowan (Wichita Falls) has just found a dime.

And I hope Kenner knocked out Hester's gold tooth. They call the Jews "God's chosen people."... Right now Kenner looks more like one of God's frozen people!

Note—As a courteous tribute to "Cussy and his cannibals, all except paid-up subscribers are respectfully requested to stand up, and remain standing, while reading the rest of this installment of Thimb-nails. Thank you.

The corpulent Cusaden's confederates ought to complete the initiation of Denver Division No. 1 NFSD (meaning Nettlesome, Fatheaded Sons of the Devil) by drawing up simple eligibility rules, decree grip, password and emblem... For the latter I suggest a snowball bearing in relief an igloo couchant, and a dunce-cap rampant... Or a herd of elephants bravely stamping on a mole-cule.



Enough! Heigh-ho for the footbridge across the creek... Tom Anderson and his blackthorn bar the way, taking toll from all and sundry (yes—sun-dry and snow-wet)... "Subscribe for the *Iowa Hawkeye*; \$1 please." ... And gets it... Which proves one of the best dollars I ever wasted.

It was an Ancient Mariner
With evil eye stopped me;
A dollar loss for an Albatross—
That he hawked as his old Hawkeeeeeeee!

This is undoubtedly the one Big Moment of the convention... A purling brook—long winding down the narrow coulee of Bear Creek Canyon—strikes a verdant stretch some 220 yards square right here; then narrows just beyond the bend to rumble and grumble and tumble and tear... Spectators cluster the hills encircling this natural amphitheatre like olden Romans in the Coliseum... Talk of throwing Christians to the lions—Caesar "Cussy" and his gladiators are still cannon-balling captives in the canyon.

Here's a realistic illustration of how me and Cussy play snowball:



This is the life!... We deaf don't play the piano, to sing and soothe and set adream our moods; but the vast organ of Nature, surcharged with splendid symphonies, saturates our starved spirits in simple solace... ("Wonderful writing," says you—you humbug!... You musta been one of them there geeks what called me a "nut" when I tried to paw-patter some such sentiment on my funny, clumsy claws—last time we met!)

But Cholly Yanzito (Chicago)—a dead-ringer for Al Capone—maketh the welkin ring with his wails... For he just discovered he has lugged his heavy movie camera all the way out here—and forgot to bring any film!

He can always find sympathy—In the Dictionary.

Altitude and atmosphere begin to take their toll... Young Eleanor McGowan (Los Angeles) falls down and hurts her sense of humor... Man bending to drink from the purling brook, falls over in a dead faint, and is fished out... Exhilarating—but bad for weak hearts.

Periods of pleasure give wings to the hours... 'Twas ever thus—dreary days drag, while happy hours fly... And it is already well after twelve, for the box-lunches just arrived in a big truck... Costs *mucho dinnero* to lug them way up here in the mountain—local committee lost \$125 on the contract... They retail at \$1 apiece, come up and help yourself; fairly good, considering... Free coffee to all box-buyers... Well, \$1 for a workingman's lunch-box that costs 25 cents down-town does not seem steep, when you find the hotel here charges 35 cents for one thin sandwich, and 15 cents for a cup of alleged—coffee!... Prices and altitudes are alike—sky high!



That Battle in the Sky has everybody brim-full of brotherly love... Here are rafts of pretty girls... More I see of Flaming Youth, the more I regret I am so consarn near-sighted... Dresses, in my youth, used to cover the insteps... Now they barely cover the step-ins.

Oh, well; we're never too old to learn... And never too cold to yearn. "Hello, fatty," I greet Foltz (Olathe.)

"Hello, monkey," he snappy-comes-backs wagging his wattles and laying his lavallierie of double-chins. "Your initials are J. F., huh? Rightly named—'Jeff,' the dumb little dwarf of Hearst's comic strip." Aw Foltz's gotta brand new brain—never been used.

William Bouler (Atchison, Kan.) has both legs orphaned close to the hip... Fate can't stump him—he has stumps... Shows more contagious good-cheer than any man in the convention. (The *American Magazine* for November, 1928, had a long article on him.)

The self-esteemed bon-tons from Chicago clustering in a bunch—as if for protection from the provincials... They came 1,000 miles to exchange back-fence gossip.

Autos have largely replaced the Rocky Mountain Canaries (burros) that Hodgson and Terry immortalized here



in 1910... Our daily puzzle picture: Which is Roberts (Chicago)?

And that sap who just lugged a hefty snowball all the way over the hill, to juggle it into my ear with fearful velocity; aw, he's just a carbuncle on the face of Nature... Before I'll call him "Brother," they can fire me out of the frat!

Don't laugh... It isn't funny! Someday I'm going to lose my temper, O'Leary!



Those perpetual honeymooners, the Hazels (Omaha)... With them its more than puppy-love—its a mutual case of hydrophobia... Nebraska claims the record for the largest bunch from one state at this convention, with 58," Mary Hazel wig-wags, proudly.

"Didst calculate on Chicago, demure damsels?" signs I. She blinks a moment seeking an answer, then: "Chicago? But Chicago is not a state." How the Hazels love to argue.

"But Chicago is in a state," I insists—got her that time, glory be.

"That's so," she agrees suddenly—too danged suddenly I misdoubt me: "Chicago is in a state—in a state of intoxication."

Wonder if she means anything personal?

But it is best to change the subject. "Thar's gold in them thar hills," I finger-flaps, quoting from Bert Harte and trying to look as if that wise quip was strictly original. (I'm a good bluffer.) "But all that glitters is not gold—for example, Edwin, there's your old blue serge suit." "Meagher's suit does not shine—neither do his oxfords, he needs to visit a bootblack," Mary tells Ed, looking me over (that girl is a genius for getting under my hide.)

"Silence; children should be seen and not heard," I rebuke them, quoting another old bromide as if it were my own wisdom (I seem to be getting away with it today.)

"If silence is golden, then your teeth are 'silent,'" Edwin indicates my gold crown.

But Mary has to have the last word: "No; Meagher's teeth used to be 'silent'—only now they are 'Requescat In Pace,'" she melodyizes on butterfly-fingers.

That's enough for today, children. What is the younger generation coming to when it actually out-Irishes us old Irishmen?

Tenderfeet reveal in what they—in their fatuous ignorance style "mountain-climbing" (baby ascents of a scant hundred feet right across the road from the hotel)... But dangerous... Aside from several pairs of silk stockings ruined and the loss of a few inches of priceless pink-and-white cuticles, there's nothing to rush to the press-wires about... "Any real danger?" Vice-chairman J. Leon Harvat is asked (another good guy who parts his name in the middle—and is bad medicine to monkey with.)

"For us Colo. coots, no; for you galoots, mebbeso," he signs, scornfully, surveying my sissy Eastern garb. (How I hate handsome men who keep a weather-eye open while I bandy blarney with their beautiful wives.) He states his wife "Once descending a mountain, landed in a bed of cactus—is that the way you spell the blame thing—"

"Spell it? I don't; I thumb my fist."

—landed in some cactus and a couple of cactus thorns went right through her shoe-leather into her foot. Had to remove shoe and stocking; I finally got them out with my knife. Funny thing about cactus; bears such beautiful flowers—lovely wax-like flowers of a pretty yellow shade."

Then the cactus must be the official flower of Tammany!

That hombre Harvat is addicted to piscatorial pastimes and the science of ichthyology (no; I am not calling him names, stupid); but this summer he and the rest of his local committee are too busy to indulge in their favorite vices...Guess the only way Harvat can fish today is to rig up a contraption like this:



Having lolled around since lunch we now board our busses for the Rodeo (pronounced Ro-day-oh not Rowdy-ho—your ignorance is amazing)...Two miles away, half-mile up...Total must be over three miles above the sea-level, I guess...Smileau is "up in the air" again—can't find his pass to the gate though all of us got passes when we paid our dollar for registration...He is such a big, fat man, he has a lot of acreage to survey before he plows up his dinky bit of pasteboard in one of those cavernous pockets...Preambulating card-index filing-cabinet, that's Smileau, the old Gallaudet fullback.

Everybody here, things start *pronto*...No long delays in any Denver committee affairs...Several of us fraters volunteer to compete with the cowboys—notably Emery Vinson, who owns his own ranch somewhere in California...Col. Harris, as chairman of the committee on credentials, rules Vinson can't properly be seated:



"No, no, no!"...Comprises by allowing nine of us to straddle a cayuss and ride around the corral in the parade which always opens rodeos: Vinson (Berkeley), Cowan and Graves (Pittsburgh), Diehl (Pa.), Northern (Denver), Durian (Hartford), Frankenstein (New York), Howard (Duluth) and his replica—Lapides (New Haven)...He looks like a centaur, spells Edna Vandegrift (Berkeley)...You know a centaur is half-man, half-eer—dcnkey...Wonder which half she means?

But imagine the greedy Graves on a horse!...Hope the poor hoss is convalescing now.

Parade starts at precisely 2:30; at exactly 2:31 the poet Whittier is proven a true prophet for his line: "Into each life some rain must fall."...One of those ten-gallon hats of the local committees—Haden, I believe, tells me: "Don't worry; these gentle mountain drizzles let up any moment."...First time a local committee galoot has done me a kindness all week...So, while all those other Eastern tenderfoot scamper for shelter, this boy stands on the burning deck to prove himself an experienced Westerner... (I always was a grand-standing big-bluff anyway—ask Tammany for confirmation.)...The drizzle increases to a torrent...And the torrent to a hailstorm...Hailstones as big as my conscience carom off my naked thatch with almost as much force as old Bat Nelson used to pack behind his punches—years ago when I was one of his sparring partners. (Oh, if I ever get Hidalgo Halden down a dark alley—he is only 6-foot 3!)...But what an Irishman starts, he finishes; so I stand right where I am and take a twenty-minute shower-bath—my third that day.



Undoubtedly I am the cleanest coot in all Colorado...Outwardly, if not inwardly.

It never rains but it sours...During this twenty-minute "drizzle" the cow-punchers are paid off... "Name yer pizin, gents," says some modern Last Chancer...Gaze not upon the wine when it is red, nor the moonshine while it shineth...But the cowboys do—which perceptibly affects their riding and roping ability when the storm lifts!

Now a word aside. This rodeo has been unjustly panned ever since—to the bitter heartbreak of Lessley and his local committeemen...I say it was a good performance, considering... "Why, you ignorant Eastern tenderfoot, what do you know of rodeos?" says you...Hold your horses, pard; what I may know of rodeos or roundups, may be considerable: you see I covered several for the daily newspapers—including the far-famed 1913 Pendleton Roundup itself!

As an expert, I brand Col. Harris shootin'-match good...Even while reeling in the saddle, half-drunk, some of the cowmen displayed real class...They rode "slick"—instead of fastening their spurs beneath the mustangs' surcings...The buckers sun-fished and side-winded as expensive exhibition beasts should...Two of them were ruined by crashing into the strong corral fence and nearby barbed-wire...Col. Harris lost money that day—despite the \$1000 paid-in-advance—for a good bucking horse costs as high as \$25,000!

But, mark this—we did not enjoy the rodeo!

And why?

We were lightly dressed—the thermometer had hovered around 90 when we left Denver that morning...The hailstorm dampened our ardor as well as our clothes...And a raw mountain wind began to roar down the peaks and sweep over the plateau with winter vigor...A typical Western setting with typical Western outlaw discomforts...With chattering teeth and upturned coat-collars we huddled in the lee of autos parked all around outside the protecting corral-fence—three sturdy pine rails—and shivered and shook...I wonder if the deaths of Ulrich (Detroit), Kohlman (New York), Flynn (Bangor), Babcock (Neb.) and others were not to some extent hastened by that arctic experience?

We were not in a mood to enjoy the next two hours, even had Lessley dished out the Battle of Gettysburg with the original cast and Ziegfeld trimmings to boot. We were cold, cross, cranky, crabby, fault-findy and "Tammanyized." Don't blame the pencil-pushers who have panned Lessley's Rodeo—they simply wrote their true impressions. But had the morning weather continued, Lessley would have been hailed as Our Man of Destiny! For his Rodeo was good.

Now that you have the correct analysis; now that you "savvy" why the most expensive tid-bit of any deaf convention in history occasioned so much criticism, old hoss, let 'er buck!



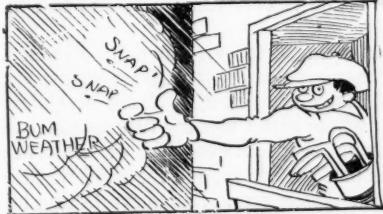
The program is run-off in snappy style—takes experts to do that...All the standard stunts, except bulldogging;

too dangerous for us spectators, as the longhorns will readily hurdle the fence-rail and smash into spectators and cars alike... But Col. Harris takes a chance on roping cattle—and gets away with it.

A gallumping longhorn, seeking to evade some cowboy's swinging lariat, makes a feint to jump the fence right where I stand, then thunders past... The lady next me—it may have been Grace Evans (Omaha), or Edith Vandegrift (Berkeley), or someone else—sort of collapses... I grab her in mine noble arms, and stand with that chin-up notta-hair-o-her-head-shall-be-harmed air handsome movie heroes popularized... What a lovely world this is! ... True to movie style, the maiden slowly opens her eyes, safe-sheltered from harm by mine bulging biceps, and gazes gratefully up into my face... But—alas—that is as far as she duplicates the movie-plot: gratitude gives place to a look of annoyance and disappointment; she gives me a push and disentangles herself... Wonder what is wrong with my technique?... Will have to study that act more closely next time I see a Tom Mix thriller!

Ain't this a heck of a world?

The Modern Girl (bah) dreams of Romance (pah) and doesn't recognize the real thing when she meets it... Verily I say unto thee, whose soul soareth with the swashbuckling surge of a D'Artagnan she consigns to the booby hatch, and clings to the arm of some Glorified Gloco... 'Twas ever thus, from Dante to Steinmetz... Oh, well;lips that touch lipsticks shall never touch mine!



"(And anyhow," said the fox as he walked away. "Those grapes were sour.)



While all this has been going on, four gifted gents, snapping fingers at the inclement weather, navigate a zig-zag course over the Evergreen gold-greens... The arms of that Busy BBB—Byron B. Burnes (U. S. A.) almost fly away from him as he loses seven balls and his temper... Burnes finishes second to that tall Texas Trojan, Troy Hill (Dallas), who claims a 93-stroke total... Hill evidently turned a deaf ear to the golfological auditing committee... Mayfield (Texas), third, says the Evergreen and mosquito is a



sociable chap—he gives everybody a bite and a swell time afterwards... The Rev. Homer Grace (Denver) finishes last... He was handicapped by virtue of his virtuous calling—not that he has been "calling names."... I merely insinuate his clerical garb prevents him from "forgetting" as many wild swings as the others, when adding up his total score.



(I put in a lot of illustrations so this page will be read by others besides proofreaders. Your kiddies can color them with crayolas or water-paints.)



At 4:30 the rodeo program is over, and glad we greenhorns be to huddle in cars or busses and bump back down to Troutdale valley, safe-sheltered from the biting wintry wind... These bus rides, and everything, included in the original \$3.50 Lessley secured, mind you... The day is worth fully \$20 of any man's coin.

Local committee tries vainly to corral enough tenderfeet (natives strictly barred) for a "mountain climbing contest"—close to the hotel where the rest of our Six Hundred can see—for a \$10 bill... But exposure, wind and rain have apparently taken the pep out of our party; and the high, rarified atmosphere is making us a trifle dizzy; let George do it... Contest finally called-off... Northern, Lessley, Grace, Harvat and Haden seem to wonder at our unappreciative attitude when they are working their fool heads off to give us a good time... Dang them; weren't they ever tenderfoots themselves?

Only half-a-dozen make use of the remnants of the snowpile in the two hours of daylight remaining... Roller (Akron) hero of the drowning episode of the Atlanta 1923 convention, leads his Esquimaux for a swim... Blue in the gills, those water-rats hurriedly climb out of the pool and scamper for their clothes... The indefatigable local committee patiently tries to give us other forms of entertainment... No go; fagged-out, exhausted, unused to the high altitude, we are in no mood for monkey-shines... Thanks just the same.

Alas; as you read this, that dear old Evergreen doses in desolate desertion; and an icy overcoat blankets the old swimming hole... Even dear little Jimmy Quinn turns a



deaf ear to its siren call... Desereted too is our Alma Mater, that snowpile—from which we graduated "Magna Cum Lousey"... Alas?

'Pears to me something is missing from the advance publicity program; ah, yes—that buffalo barbecue... At last I have something to "St. Paulize" Denver for—and, believe me, since Monday's Tin Star episode, that's just what I have been praying high heaven for... Still, there may be a reason; in fraternal fairness let's ask that big bum, "Thunderin' Tom" Northern, the chairman... If he high-hats me, what a wow of a story I'll have for the SILENT WORKER anon—though none of those saps suspect it!

"No buffalo barbecue for us," Tom-Thumbless replies frankly... And then he gets real confidential—proving he is telling the gospel truth... "We had an option on one buffalo for \$150; couldn't estimate size of crowd, so

did not know whether to order two or three more bison... Heck of a job, the cooking; wind, sand and flies; rain would teetotally ruin it... Lots of folks don't like the tough meat, anyway; might be big waste... So we substituted the rodeos—costs no more for 2000 than for 200."

"You cheap tightwads," I bark. (That old trick works—starts him volunteering just the facts and figures I hanker for.)

"Cheap my eye!" he blazes. "Rodeo costs us more than the \$650 top a barbecue would... Rodeo folks first asked flat guarantee of \$2000; we refused to risk that much on a week-day crowd; finally compromised on a flat \$1000 plus 50% of gate receipts... All registered badge-wearers got in free; deaf and hearing *sans* badges paid... Fair enough?... Gate receipts were just \$90.50—split, \$45.25 each to local fund and Col. Harris; so our committee drove a good bargain, didn't it?"

Well, expressed that way it does look different... I really believe Tommy and his tommy-rot... Maybe he and his committee have their own troubles, same as you and I... So I'll hunt for better reason to "St. Paulize."

Chief Laughingstock and Chief Neverseen Spree phone in from Denver they missed their bus, and won't be on the grounds before nine... Seeing how chilled, restless and scattering the crowd is, Northern immediately phones the aborigines a cordial welcome to stay right there in Denver; saving another \$100 or so... Whereon he cancels the scheduled bonfire with Indian dances, and cash prizes for the best imitation of those dances by us pale-face papooses.

Why? That is a question nobody can answer but you!



It has been a big day; a great day; the one day we will all remember... But it did not end in the hoop-de-doo the committee planned—and unmerited grumbling nearly broke their hearts... Isn't that just like life, honey bunch?



Here's Tin Star—Denver's hick cop who caused me to blow out a fuse Monday when he tried to boss the press-pix job... The dumb detective who sees all, knows little and hears nothing... Must be a Scotchman from Scotland Yard... I hate him almost as much as a "Tammanyite," and even more than I hate and envy tall, handsome men with wavy hair... Still, the big brute with his troglodyte jaw might be almost human if one got to know him... Let's see... Why, yes; pon honor—Tin Star can actually converse like a gentleman... Not a bad fellow at heart... And here I have been foolishly venting my entire visible supply of hate on his head all week... Just goes to show that half our hatreds are born of a misunderstanding—and half our troubles never happen!

Dusk—and the day is done, my darling... The chill night air of the mountains makes us repent leaving wraps way down in Denver (Denver is only a mile above sea-level—if reports are on the level)... Here is dancing in the upper pavilion; some of us join to keep warm... Why do little men always pick out the most gigantic

amazons for dancing partners?... Law of opposites-attract, I guess... Lights are softly-shaded by Chinese



lanterns; there is a dreamy perfume in the air; high up, with earth's gravitation-pull lessened, feet feel strangely light... Now if—oh, dang; what business have middle-aged married men to be musing of Romance?

Do you think Babe Ruth will break the home-run record this year?

Around nine o'clock the busses—which stood at our disposal all day (only \$3.50, mind you) gradually load-up and carom off, one by one... We swing dizzily down narrow mountain passes—sheer drops to abysmal depths missed by a foot... Those young folks in the seat ahead... The world is mottled with moonlight... Youth's romantic longings... Roseate dreams... See the green grass growing all around; see the green grass growing all around... Didja ever feel lonely and lost in the mist of a crowd?

Weave us a magic to blot out this poignant loneliness with old remembered lovely things which happened in the summer of many wanderings... Back at Colorado's last convention, where first I met my future wife... Seventeen long summers agone... Footfalls of whimsical ghosts drift past in pale perfection, and the wind whistles an eerie refrain to our useless ears... Same everlasting hills just as they were centuries ago; just as they will be centuries after our mad, merry mob has crumbled into dust—brains and beauty, high and low, ashes to ashes and dust to dust... Wonderful hills—guess they are pulaskite... Of course you know pulaskite is a hypidiomorphic granular or granitic porphyritic massive rock of orthoclass hornblende, augite and plagioclase, with elecolite, sodalite and accessory minerals... Isn't love wonderful?

Ars longa, vita brevis.

Snap out of it!

Anon we pause for fifteen minutes atop Lookout Mountain, to survey the grave of Buffalo Bill... The roaring log-fire in that curio cabin seems a life-saver... Then a mad dash down the famed Lariat Trail—lights o' Denver gleaming far away, far away... Rosemary... Byron B. Burnes—face and soul of a poet—discusses business and literature and industry and art as we careen and sway like the old stage coach (if this bus upsets they'll find my corpse one thousand feet down, and Gib will see my widow gets her money); Burnes discusses everything and anything except moonlight and magnolias and the melancholy melody which is muted in our hearts.

"Earth has no sorrow Heaven cannot heal."

Denver at last... And the cleanest man in all Colorado—cleanest by virtue of two snowbaths and a hailstorm—pulls a Paddock for the coverlids.

(To be continued.)

NEXT ISSUE—Tammany's funeral; Newsreel cameras; Denver's only fizz; cruel and cynical observations. And a lot of other good-for-nothing trash. If you don't want to read it, you don't have to.



CELEBRATING HIGH MASS

1—Chicago lassies starting up the high mass of rugged mountains shown in the background of the dam picture below. The top of that dam is faintly seen—the line at the waist of the damsel sitting by the flag which marks the trail. Dam and damsel—that's dam good poetry. The large building to the right is the dancing pavilion, while to the left are pigmy playmates splashing in the plunge. Note the high-diving tower, from which plunged our aquatic candidates for the American team to the Deaf Olympiad. (Busted bubble.)

DAM!

2—This is that dam—and when a non-oral girl slipped into the swift, icy current, born of freshly-melted snow in the mountains, she spoke the name surprisingly plainly. A sparkling silver sheet shimmered in the sun as it slid smoothly over the dam, while the remainder rushed roaring through the spillway at the left, to cascade through the gorge. Picture taken from bridge shown above.

TURNING A DEAF EAR TO DULL CARE

3—Chicago chickens and Colorado scenery. Isn't Nature wonderful? Life's heavenly harmonies in high "G." Gee Whizz! Away from Chicago and its gin, graft and gunmen; its grime, greed and gourches.

PEACHES AND CREAM

4—Nice crop of peaches. And creamy spray as the surging torrent swishes and swirls. No wonder poets, photographers and printers perish from heart-trouble. (Some SILENT WORKER printer is sure to "pi" this batch, looking at the pictures instead of the linotype keyboard.)

HOTEL COSMOPOLITIAN

5—A hospitable hostelry, hilarious haven of hope and happiness, where we were hailed with hearty handclasp—and harassed only by penny-ante politicians and Tin Stars.

THIS IS THE LIFE

6—ElDorado's swimming pool—clear, clean, and comfortably warm. Spectators at the pipe-dream try-out for the American team to the Deaf Olympiad, had comfortable seats in the shaded grandstand shown above the lockers; while others preferred to peer through the wire fence—like these six Chicagoans: Joe Gordon, Marie Yanzito, Charles Krauel, Eleanor Cain, Charlie Yanzito, and his sister Elizabeth.

LOVE'S YOUNG SWEET SCREAM

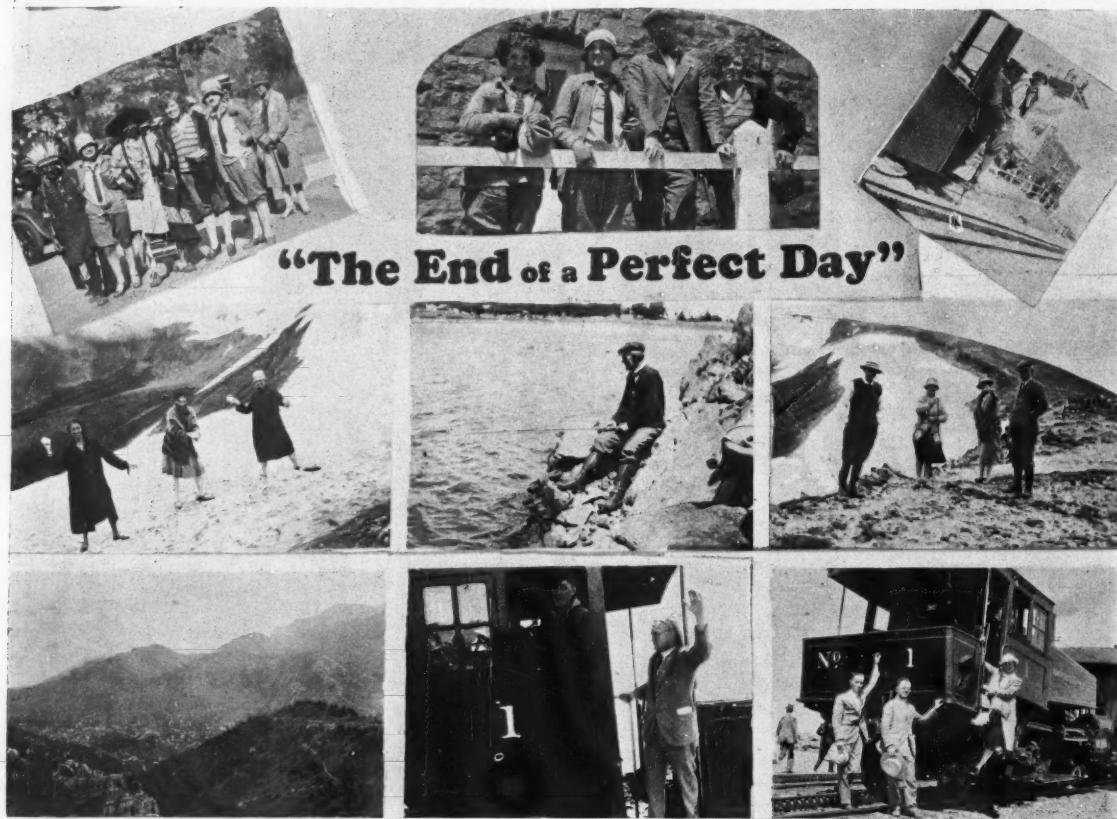
7—"Knowledge is Power." Strange to relate, there are still many free-born American citizens with no realization that snow can be just as cold and unpleasant in mid-July, as in February! But not these jolly jokesmiths. Here we see some jovial juvenile giving his girl-friend a baptism of frozen H2-O and right behind is another amateur scientist doing likewise to some unfortunate frater who trusted not wisely but too well!

JULY SNOWBALLS

8—Novelties to these corn-fed Nebraskans and their Iowa cousins. Reading from left to right we have Edwin Hazel, and—oh, well, they are all all-right, all-right. Except for that big, burly, bald-headed brute in the rear—denoted by arrow. That's "Cussy" the cussed, who laid sacrilegious hand on this Power of the Press. Cut out his picture and paste it in your Rogue's Gallery. Full details appeareth herewith — unless the printerman forgets to remember not to forget to jam them in somehow.

TROUTDALE THE TANTALIZING

9—Just over the hill from that snowpile. Dreamy lagoon where sleek trout swarm. Icy swimming-pool to right. Wealthy residents in cozy summer cottages. Deaf-owned cars bearing license plates from 16 different states—my personal count. Day-of-days, dream-of-dreams—Troutdale at Evergreen remaineth ever green in memories' archives.



100% AMERICANS

Heap Big Chief Needabath (speak it slowly, please) and Medicineman pain-in-the-Face, with three paleface papooses at Manitou—foot of Pike's Peak. "Ugh, papoose" is the Indian variation of our Bennie's "Oh, Baby!" The word "Manitou" is the Indian name for God. Now the Indian God must be mazumma, money, cash—for after every picture Needascrub would scaddle up with wrathful palm extended and levy tribute from paleface photographers. The noble Redman had no racial prejudice—for he did not turn up his nose at professed coins bearing his own likeness on one side, and the original Sitting Bull on the other.

Reading from left to right: Needaswim (on a D'jer Kiss boycott), Marie Yanzito (Chicago), Painful-piz, Virginia Dries (Peoria, Ill.), Lizzie Yanzito (Chicago), Sylvester Fogarty and Miss Grace Plourd (New York).

This was the last photo taken of friend Fogarty before he got in hot water. He "put his foot in it"—literally and figuratively. He went to see Old Faithful in Yellowstone Park; waltzed right up after they turned off Nature's faucet, and stumbled or slipped into the mouth of the geyser. He was laid up several weeks—for that water was boiling hot, and made him boiling mad.

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED TOUR

Signoritas Yanzito and Colleen Dries with B. L. Gartside, the Burlington agent who personally saw that life was one glad, sweet song for Gibson's gang. Snapped abafst the observation tower atop Pike's Peak. "This is so like home," the Windy City damsels seem to say.

This Gartside also conducted the 1924 St. Paul special over the Burlington—and this is the last time I'll ever give any free advertising to that road—it extends no courtesies whatever. All week he smiled around the Denver hotel, tireless in patient explanations to dumb ducks on the best routes to California, Yellowstone, Kokomo and Salt River. He even used his "pull" to get several tickets re-routed over more advantageous roads, whether his own system benefitted therefrom or not. Unless you have tried to get such service, you'll never realize how exceptional it is!

The Convention voted him a purse of \$100—the first recognition ever given Gartside, although for years he personally conducted parties of fraternals, bankers, and big butter-and-egg men.

THE LAST LAUGH

Charlie Yanzito and his sister Elizabeth (Chicago) just starting down the summit of Pike's Peak. It's all over now!

The fun
Is done;
Our holiday is dead!
We're back,
Alack,
Each blessing Denver's head!

THREE HIGH-HATTERS ON NATURE'S NIGH HAT

The one with the pleasant grin is Mrs. Frank Pleasant (Delavan, Wis.) The one with the laugh, and hazel eyes, is Mrs. Edwin Hazel (Omaha.) And the one with the smile—the highest high-hatter of all, so haughty she even neglected to tip her hat to the photographer—is robust Mrs. Arthur Roberts (Chicago.) The only reason I print this picture is because Mrs. Bobs imperatively ordered and commanded me not, no, never to do so. If them there female lady women think they can boss around the Power of the Press just because they are twice my size, you ought to spy their faces when they see this.

FISHING FOR VOTES?

F. P. Gibson (initials ought to stand for Frater-Plus, or Fearless President) at Red Feathers' Lake, following the convention. Storing up stamina for the long winter months of sedentary toil, bending over a littered-up desk. Dressed like he thinks a movie director ought to look.

ON TOP OF THE WORLD

From left to right are Frank Lessley, the banquet toastmaster and a Denver businessman; Mrs. Francis P. Gibson, wife of the NFSD Band President, and mother of a son who won two wound stripes in the world war—motorcycle dispatch-bearer in the Argonne; Mrs. Lessley, the roastmaster's favorite collar-button-finder; and a man famous as being Mrs. Gibson's husband.

THE WINDING ROAD TO ARCADY

The everlasting hills—to see which caused us everlasting bills. Ute Pass Canyon, looking down from the Cave of the Winds (the only "wind" in Colorado that "Jumbo" Mueller and his beer-aul did not successfully rule out-of-order.)

ALL ABOARD!

See the priceless "Thumbnails" dope protruding from the coat pocket of this ugly little pest with the ugly little phiz—none other than this Radio-broadcaster, himself, in person. Giving the signal to pull out, starting down Pike's Peak. Does not look very happy. Is probably poetizing thusly:

Oh, I am nearer Heaven than I'll ever be again;
For me no elevator "Up" when I lay down my pen!
The cunning cubs of "Tammany" have greased the skids;
my soul

Will have an honest Irish job—forever shovel coal!

No. 1—THEY WON!

Three Big Cogs—and the first cog-wheel locomotive, atop Pike's Peak. William J. Wiggers (Evansville, Ind.) A—No. 1 collar-ad; Edwin Hazel (Omaha) A—No. 1 Parliamentarian; and Mrs. Hazel A—No. 1 Good-looker. She is using the starboard binnacle of the engine as a mirror, to see if an altitude of 14,109 feet (add 5:8 to that) has blown away her face-powder. That blow-hard engine proudly advertises the fact it is A—No. 1 also.

The Buffalo Convention

By Charles N. Snyder

WESTERN NEW YORK
(Concluded from February issue)

 O NARRATIVE of LaSalle is complete without reference to his chief lieutenant one Henri de Tonty, an Italian of rank, who alone, through every vicissitude remained loyal to LaSalle. Indeed, it was he who superintended the building of the Griffon. Unfortunately not a trace or description of the trail blazer has been left us. We do not even know how the Griffon looked. In his book Father Hennepin wrote that she was of 60 tons, had a keel and a deck under which men "hanged their hammocks." She was a sailing craft, but how many masts she had we know not. Hennepin tells us she was armed with five small guns and three harquebuzes. That's all we have of the first vessel that sailed the Great Lakes—nothing of dimension, length or beam or tonnage. Tonty was with La Salle when he discovered the Mississippi river. The sad tragedy of LaSalle, murdered by his own men, is familiar to all. Father Hennepin stayed at Niagara and carried on the work and his chronicles form, for the most part, local history. He is generally credited with being the first white man to view the Falls, and on a slight eminence on Prospect Point one may see a large rock, suitably inscribed, marking the exact spot from which Father Hennepin viewed the cataracts.

Here we end the early French occupation—it is familiar history how, at the decisive battle at the heights of Quebec, the English defeated the French and so came into possession of this region, and how in turn, the fortunes of the Revolution gave us possession.

Robert Morris, the financier of the revolution, got title to 3,000,000 acres of land from sovereigns of England and transferred title of these vast domains to a most remarkable organization that was destined to play a large part in the future development of Western New York, under the guiding of a super genius, Joseph Ellicott. Look for his monument and you will find it in the thriving towns and cities over the entire tract—His fame is secure, although probably not to the liking of the great Patroon and overlord, who was of a shy and retiring disposition. Not only was Joseph Ellicott land agent, yet he exercised kingly prerogatives—his very word was law and enjoyed great authority through the powers vested in him. He was a veritable genius, ever on the lookout to sell land and build up the vast holdings of the Holland Land Co. His was an extraordinary enterprise, the like of which has never been paralleled elsewhere. The mere contemplation of its smooth working and vast ramifications stagger the mind. With all his undoubted talents—he was modest to the point of extremity. Scores of towns

—he was the founder of Buffalo, naming it New Amsterdam—hardly an euphonious or befitting name—he laid out, he refused to have a single one named after him, but after his death ample, though belated justice was done him.

It seems to be a strange perversity of fate that good and worthy deeds can not remain hidden for long, they live after and perpetuate his memory. However, a life of great enterprise and usefulness was destined to a melancholy close. His mind became clouded in his later years, no doubt occasioned by the great responsibilities he had undergone these many years. It was in 1821 that his agency ceased. In 1824 he was committed to an insane asylum in New York, but his condition did not improve. In 1826, escaping the vigilance of his guards, he committed suicide.

Posterity has for Joseph Ellicott, the great developer of Western New York, a warm spot and a fame that is secure. He lies buried at Batavia, one of the cities he founded and wherein is situated the original Holland Land Office, now a museum, a veritable shrine. Batavia is situated 38 miles east of Buffalo and well worth a trip for its historic associations with this region.

Although Joseph Ellicott died a rich man, the terms of his engagement accounting for it, viz: for his first ten years' service he got five per cent upon all sales, 6,000 acres of farming lands and 500 acres of land in the City of Batavia. At the close of his ten years' tenure, Mr. Ellicott shrewdly proposed in lieu of the above, that he should receive instead a cash commission of 5 per cent, one-twentieth of all the contracts he had made. These stagger the imagination, valuable enough in those days, taking into consideration the disparity in sense of value. Yet even the astute Joseph Ellicott did not make anything out of his holdings in Buffalo or elsewhere. He had plotted out 100 acres in the very heart of Buffalo for himself, now worth millions of dollars at present values, yet he realized nothing simply because no man foresees his destiny.

All the way from Rochester to Lewiston and branching off toward Buffalo is a remarkable road, originally an Indian trail, called the Ridge Road, in recent times jocularly referred to as the "Honeymoon Trail." It is a veritable high ridge, and geologists are of the opinion that it formed the southern shore of Lake Ontario, seven miles distant in the ages gone by when gigantic cataclysms of Nature changed the whole contour.

In Turner's tale is a pitiful account given by pioneers travelling over this road, telling of how they were passed by a "deaf and dumb" young man, who by signs informed them that he was bound for Queenston, Can., across the Niagara River from Lewiston. The unfortunate man never arrived at his destination. From the fact that an

Indian was afterwards seen in possession of his clothes, there is no doubt that he was murdered, although an alternative is that it might have been by a white robber, the Indian afterwards taking the clothes from the body.

In a great measure, it was the Erie Canal that made Buffalo, and the whole of Western New York, the moving spirit in this gigantic enterprise being DeWitt Clinton, then Governor of the State, and in derision it was called "Clinton's Big Ditch," but subsequent events has since justified its purpose. It is now the Barge Canal, and if the purposed "All American" water ever materializes, the Barge Canal will form its principal link.

At Lockport a gigantic drop was encountered, but skillful engineering evolved the immense locks there, which took several years to complete and a settlement sprang up, appropriately enough taking its name from the locks—in fact, at this time it was considerably larger than Buffalo itself and looked for a time to become the metropolis of Western New York. A custom house was established there and one was suggested for Buffalo, but was voted down because Buffalo was "too far from the locks."

But time has since justified Joseph Ellicott's vision when he laid out the City of Buffalo, the "Queen City of the Lakes."

In conclusion, I wish to say that I am indebted for material to Frank H. Severance's Histories of the Niagara Region and to Turner's History of the Holland Purchase.

BEAUTY SPOT OF THE STATE

(By Al And His Gang)

THHERE'S no denying the fact that the grand moguls of the N. A. D. made a splendid choice in deciding upon Buffalo for the Sixteenth Triennial Convention—World Congress of the Deaf. As I remember it, the last two conventions were in Atlanta and Washington—both well down below the Mason-Dixon line. Beautiful and excellent places, too—both of them—but the sunny South is no place for an August conclave of the Clan. I have heard the facetious Fred Meagher of Chicago quoted, in an article published in a Washington paper during the '26 meet, as being of the opinion that the next affair should be booked for the North Pole.

The time may come, friend Meagher, when it will be possible for us to convene at the North Pole some August, and then turn right around and vote our next one at the South Pole, or the next Desember. Indeed what with television, rocket-cars, Martian novels and such-like, it wouldn't surprise me much to live to attend N. A. D. conventions of Mars and at the bottom of the deep blue sea. Why Mars, am I asked? No special reason at all—save that it's handiest to my imagination. No need to worry about Venus—she'll be with us in person in August, 1930.

For the time being, however, let's stop worrying about where the conventions of the future will be held and turn our attention to some of the arguments in favor of your being in Buffalo in 1930. Did you ever know that Buffalo is right in the heart of the garden-spot of the state? One of the quietest, coolest, most beautiful little sections of the entire country? Such are the facts.

The world-famous Falls of Niagara, the renowned Roycroft Shops at East Aurora, Letchworth, Alleghany, Rock City and Stony Brook State Parks, Watkins Glen, the Genesee Country (which, by the way, is the gateway to the equally beautiful "Finger Lakes" region of central New York), Chautauqua Lake in the heart of the Chautauqua country. . . . all these names are music in the ear of your true lover of nature. And all are within comfortable and convenient motoring distance of Buffalo, the Big City of deafdom the world over in 1930. What

delightful touring possibilities! And the best of all is that finely-kept county and state highways radiate in all direction from Buffalo, to all these and many, many more places of rare scenic and historic interest.

The Niagara frontier and the Genesee Country are particularly rich in legend and lore. But I did not set out to give you a write-up of history—fearing that such a course so early in the game might bore you to distraction—and so I will omit it now. Later on, perhaps, I may be able to weave together an interesting (and slightly original!) history of this section.

How many of my readers, I wonder, know or realize that The Susquehanna Trail, "a ribbon of concrete stretching away through America's Beauty-Land," stretches all the way between Niagara Falls, one of the seven modern wonders of the world, and Washington, most beautiful of modern cities, connecting at many points with the Lincoln, the William Penn and the National Highways? Thus is Buffalo made easily and conveniently accessible by auto from almost all sections of the country. Add to the fact of splendidly kept up highways extending from Buffalo in eleven directions the fact that not one of them stretches thru a region of unexcelled natural beauty—much of it, too, abounding in historic lore—and. . . .well, but I can just shut my eyes and picture traffic conditions within a thousand miles of us in August, 1930, as every deaf driver in the land heads his car Buffalo-ward.

Down on the shores of delightful Lake Chautauqua nestles its pretty little town-namesake, world-famed as "The Summer City in the Hills." From the last week of June to the last week of August Chautauqua is the rendezvous of your true seeker after knowledge, be he ditch-digger or college professor. (I have the official bulletin of the past summer's session before me as I write); such a variety of educational entertainment as it presents! On one page a concert by John Philip Sousa is announced; on another, a lecture series on missionary work; third, a talk upon contemporary literature. This institution, and the various Chautauqua systems which have grown out of it, is truly the "poor man's college" rates are surprisingly low, living expenses are almost unbelievably moderate and practically any one, regardless of previous education or experience, may enroll for a season.

While western New York can boast of no Bunker Hill, no Independence Hall, no Treaty Elm, no Ford Theatre, there are other things round-about to draw the interest of the historically-minded. And even those who are usually callous to history, I predict, will sooner or later find themselves becoming interested. Buffalo was the early home of President Millard Fillmore; an erstwhile Sheriff of Erie County and Mayor of Buffalo finally became another President, (Grover Cleveland); it was in Buffalo, too, that William McKinley, sometimes called the best President elected between Lincoln and Wilson, was assassinated, and Vice-President Theodore Roosevelt sworn in to succeed him. Perry contains the boyhood home of another of our Presidents, Chester A. Arthur; at Dansville stands the cottage in which it is said that Clara Barton, founder of the American Red Cross, was born; in Belfast the far-famed and beloved John L. Sullivan, Jake Kilrain and other noted fistic fighters of the pre-Tunney age, trained for their battles; Avon is the center of the race-horse-raising industry (if, indeed, "industry" is the proper word), and has produced some noted pacers; at Genesee was concluded and signed the famous Big Tree Treaty between Robert Morris and the Five Nations; in LeRoy did Daniel Webster woo and win his bride. Of no historic interest, (but

I mention it as possibly being of more than passing interest to the sons of Isaac Walton) is the fact that at Mumford is the fish hatchery maintained by the state for the purpose of frequently restocking depleted waters, and here may be viewed every step in the process of propagating our game-fish.

Western New York is quite a fruit and dairy region, as well as being a manufacturing section. However, we are not concerned with the details of such interests now. Thought I'd just mention it, as being passingly-interesting. Throughout western New York are located all but two of the different branches of the country's largest manufacturers of powdered milk and similar dairy products—the Merrell-Soule Company, since acquired by the Borden interests.

CHARLOTTE LOUISE SCHWAGLER

A native Buffalonian educated at the Rochester School; born deaf, and at the age of two the youngest pupil ever registered there; an honor graduate in 1908, and for the following three years her Alma Mater's supervisor of older girls; and then in rapid succession cost clerk in Barnum's, Buffalo, and multigraph operator for the Marine Trust. A loyal and enthusiastic member of the Local Committee since its inception in January of 1928, and just recently chosen a member of the Board of Trustees and Chairman of the Reception Ball Committee.

Such are the bare details for Charlotte Louise Schwagler. Yet, brief and concise as they are, they introduce you to one of the cleverest and most charming members of Buffalo deafdom's younger set, and one who can be depended on to give snappy, enthusiastic, whole-hearted co-operation to any undertaking which promises good, clean, wholesome fun for "the crowd" or more wide-spread and lasting good to the deaf of Buffalo and western New York.

When she graduated from R. S. D. in 1908, she left behind her a record to be proud of as scholar and leader; that same year, 1908, she returned at the call of her Alma Mater and served for three years as Supervisor of older girls; but in 1910 she found that she could no longer resist the call of home, and so resigned, returned to Buffalo and almost immediately found a position in the cost department of Barnum's. Now she is hard upon the completion of her eighth year as a multigraph operator in the office of the Marine Trust.

During her school days she was an active member of the school's literary society, The Lambda Phi Phi, and served it often and faithfully as vice-president, secretary, member of the Executive Committee and in other capacities. And in the years that have passed since then she has served upon the Directorate of the school's Alumni Association, and in different offices of the Kicuwa Club, Buffalo's organization of deaf women, of which she was one of the charter members.

Charlotte seems intent upon keeping a "Miss" tacked upon the starboard side of her name, and we just cannot understand it. Lassies with such starryblue eyes—such dimples—such genial, winning ways—are more often captured on the sunny side of twenty instead of being left to roam the earth alone at twenty—(but, oh—we promised not to tell!)

She is a clever, witty conversationalist, reads and enjoys good books, and is well posted on affairs of the day. And as for personality—just fairly bubbling over with it! I'm sure it must have been our Charlotte whom Clara Bow had in mind a few years ago when she coined that apt and catching little word, "IT". Chockful of youth-units, too!

She lives with her parents and deaf brother, Walter, at Ebenezer; one other deaf brother, Michael, is married and living in Buffalo. The three of them form a trio of which Rochester is justly proud.

Two Thousand Dollars Needed!

The commission for the erection of the Statue of De l'Epee has been awarded to Mr. Eugene E. Hannan of Washington, D. C., against the best sculptors both here and in Europe. His model was accepted as being the most unique and striking of all, which were submitted to us for inspection.

The pedestal on which the statue is to stand will be built by a reliable firm of monument makers in Buffalo. This base will be of solid Vermont granite and will be ornamental as well as useful for there will be two seats underneath the statue with the manual alphabet engraved on the front side. It will be fourteen feet long and five feet thick.

This work of art will be one of the outstanding sights of Buffalo and will be unveiled at the convention of the National Association of the Deaf at Buffalo next year.

We need \$2000 more and if not raised we will face a deficit and we appeal to you to send in your contribution, no matter how little without our urging you to do so for it will save us the expense of printed propaganda.

Please send your contribution to

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM,
Treasurer,
168 West 86th St., New York City.

A MOST VALUABLE BOOKLET FREE TO DEAF PEOPLE AND THEIR FRIENDS

The Executive Secretary, Dr. Hight C. Moore, of the Southern Baptist Convention, has offered Rev. J. W. Michaels, Missionary to the Deaf, Mountainburg, Ark., for the deaf people several hundred copies of a most Valuable Booklet containing an outline for the reading of the cardinal points in the Bible, both the Old and the New Testaments, so that one will finish reading the Bible through in one year. The Booklet is a sure guide for all who can spare a few minutes a day to do systematic Bible reading and get through from Genesis to and including Revelation. This Booklet should be in the hands of everybody. Especially so of the deaf people, since the Deaf need the guidance more than the hearing.

The booklet may be gotten by any deaf person or friend by sending a self addressed envelope with a one cent postage stamp thereon for mailing. Address:—Rev. J. W. Michaels, Mountainburg, Ark. Clubs of twenty or more need not send more than ten cents for postage.

CHEVRO-LAY

Pete: We had a wreck—my old Ford and a Chevrolet. The Lizzie came out best and we drove it home.

Steve: What about the other car?

Pete: Oh, we let the Chevrolet.

Deaf and dumb drivers are the safest, according to the Vancouver Chief of Police. So most of the drivers you meet are only half safe—*San Diego Union*.

Smiles may come when hate is in the heart. Tears may come without heartache. Death may come any minute—*Anthony*.

The Silent Worker

[Entered at the Post office in Trenton as Second Class Matter]

ALVIN E. POPE Editor.
GEORGE S. PORTER Associate Editor and Business Mgr.

The Silent Worker is published bi-monthly from October to June inclusive by the New Jersey School for the Deaf under the auspices of the New Jersey State Board of Education. Except for editing and proof-reading this magazine represents the work of the pupils of the printing department of the New Jersey School for the Deaf.

The Silent Worker is the product of authors, photographers, artists, photo-engravers, linotype operators, job compositors, pressmen and proof-readers, all of whom are deaf.

Subscription price: \$2.00 a year positively in advance. Liberal commission to subscription agents. Foreign subscriptions, \$2.50; Canada \$2.25.

Advertising rates made known on application

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Articles for publication must be sent in early to insure publication in the next issue.

Rejected manuscripts will not be returned unless postage is enclosed.

Address all communications to

THE SILENT WORKER, Trenton, N. J.

Vol. 41

April, 1929

No. 4



Complaints

We have received many complaints from subscribers about not receiving November, January and March issues of this magazine. Evidently they are not aware of the fact that a bi-monthly gives them only five issues in the scholastic year. The final issue will be in June, at which time Mr. Porter, who has been connected with the magazine for thirty-seven years, will retire. As to the future of the magazine announcement will be made in the June issue.

"The Deaf-Mute Howls"

The above is the title of a book for which the author, Albert V. Ballin, of 431 South Grand Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal., is endeavoring to raise subscriptions to have published. He announces that the book will go on the press by May 15, 1929, or as soon as the first 1500 copies are subscribed for, otherwise the subscriptions will be refunded in full. A committee consisting of Frank E. Worswick, (Noted Deaf Artist) 1629 West 47th St., Los Angeles, and Thomas W. Elliott (President of Sphinx Club) 1809 West 54th St., Los Angeles, will assume all the expenses of the attempt to raise subscriptions, the responsibility for faithful performance of publishing and distributing the first edition or refunding subscriptions. The price is \$2.00.

Among those who commend the book are prominent Stars in the moving picture world. William A. Caldwell, ex-Superintendent of the School for the Deaf and Blind, Berkeley, Calif., pronounces the book the work of a genius.

Architect Marr

Judging from the numbers of contracts received by Architect Marr and Holman one would think that this firm was drawing the plans for all of the public buildings in Nashville. Only last December they received the contract for the twelve-story Noel hotel, costing \$1,250,000, and now the *Nashville Banner* announces another million dollar twelve-story hotel contract placed with the same firm.

We do not believe there has been another deaf architect in the whole world who has been as successful as Mr. Marr and for this THE SILENT WORKER extends to him its sincerest congratulations.

A write-up of Mr. Marr and his accomplishments is promised for the June number.

Football •

For the first time, it is believed, an All-Time Gallaudet College football team has been compiled, and will be presented in our next issue.

The article is replete with interesting facts—including a vivid account of the birth of the game at Gallaudet just 49 years ago, from the pen of the official war-correspondent of those days, George W. Veditz. "It is the genesis of football the country over—for the boys who left Gallaudet to teach in state schools brought their football lore and initiated the youngsters," he says.

Whether or not you agree with Jimmie Meagher's all-time aggregation, you will find it interesting reading.

The Consumers' Club

How a book may develop into an institution is illustrated by the history of the Consumers' Club, 2 West 43rd Street, New York City, an outgrowth of "Your Money's Worth" by Stuart Chase and F. J. Schlink. "Kindly tell me the name of the vacuum cleaner mentioned on page 255" wrote some readers; or "How may we secure the benefits of the White Plains Experiment mentioned on page 254?" In sheer self-defense the authors, who were responsible also for this Experiment, had to reorganize it as the Consumers' Club, so as to take care of inquiries from all over the country.

Members of the Club pay \$2 a year and receive on request expert opinion about some of the articles of everyday life. Commodities are listed by their brand names in two columns, one giving those which represent, in the opinion of certain testing agencies and technical experts, good value at their price. In parallel columns appear commodities, also by name, which are not recommended, either because they cost too much, quality considered; or because they are not so suitable as other commodities in the same field; or because the technical committee considers them misadvertised; or because the manufacturer does not give good service in replacing or repairing defective goods.

A sponsoring committee consisting of prominent econ-

omists, engineers, lawyers, editors, and others is being organized in the interest of the consuming public, so as to make perfectly evident the good faith and lack of commercial motive on the part of those who make the technical recommendations. Thus the consumer is assured that here at last is an attempt to judge things from his own point of view. In the opinion of one well-known member, it is "the most important organization that has been formed in recent years to control economics activity."

The Junior College

There is much discussion going on in the I. P. F. over the advisability of having a Junior College centrally located to serve as a "feeder" for Gallaudet.

Many favor the idea of having the State Schools establish post-graduate courses by extending the time limit to those pupils whom the authorities might consider would profit by such an extension.

Such a plan was carried out at the New Jersey School for quite a number of years, but only along industrial lines, and it proved very successful.

By the time pupils are about to graduate they begin to realize the value of a higher education and unless they are given extension privileges they will be poorly equipped for the battle of life.

The post-graduate industrial course at the New Jersey School was discontinued this year only because of insufficient sleeping accommodations. And because of this the *Silent Worker* has been so severely hit that it may never again recover from the blow and the deaf world has missed its regular monthly visits—a magazine that for years they regarded as something way above all other periodicals published for their sole benefit.

Results of Criminal System to be Analyzed at Meeting

The results of recent crime surveys made to determine the consequences of criminal justice, will be presented before the National Conference of Social Work at its fifty-sixth annual meeting in San Francisco June 26 to July 3, under the leadership of Porter R. Lee of New York, the president.

The Conference brings together from all over the United States several thousand people who are actively interested in child welfare, immigration, health, delinquency, community life, recreation, mental hygiene and industrial problems.

Dr. George Kirchwey, of New York, former warden of Sing Sing is chairman of the division on delinquency in which studies of the juvenile court, the probation system, the relations of schools to the delinquent child and education and medical service in the prison will be discussed. Material based on the Boston survey of criminal justice, in which the results of the present criminal system are being studied, will be included.

The program for the Conference and the thirty-two kindred groups meeting at the same time will be particularly colorful this year since emphasis is to be placed on the latest developments in social work in the states where the Mexican, Chinese, Japanese and Indian groups form distinctive social problems.

Some topics already announced are: the new unemployment, the social effects of the present naturalization policy, labor unions and social work, race improvement, mental hygiene in the schools, the church and family life, social problems of migratory workers, and the fundamental values of the moving picture.

Ninth Annual Ohio State Educational Conference

April 4, 5, and 6 are the dates of the Ninth Annual Ohio State Educational Conference at Columbus. "Evaluating education" will be the keynote of this three day meeting conducted by the College of Education at the Ohio State University. Each year the attendance materially increases. Last year's gain of 335 pushed the number who took part in the three general and 38 sectional meetings to more than 4,800. Since 1923 the attendance has practically doubled.

To extend the "conference" idea, allowing group interests to have even wider consideration, Friday and Saturday forenoons and Friday afternoon will be given over to sectional group meetings. General sessions will be held Thursday and Friday nights only. The customary Saturday morning general session will give away to sectional meetings.

Groups admitted to the Conference for the first time will be represented this year by sections concerned with adult education, higher education, and attendance supervisors, school nurses and visiting teachers. In addition to the three new groups mentioned, one or more sectional meetings will be given to problems of groups interested in biological science, city superintendents, clinical psychology, commercial education, county superintendents, educational and intelligent tests, elementary principals, elementary teachers, English, geography, high-school principals, history, home economics, industrial and vocational education, journalism, junior high-school principals, kindergarten and primary teachers, Latin, mathematics, modern language, music, non-biological science, parent-teacher association, physical education, religious education, school business officials, school librarians, special education, teacher training, and village and consolidated school superintendents.

Notice!

As we go to press two well known deaf personages have passed away—W. L. Hill, of Athol, Mass., and W. G. Jones, of New York City. Detailed accounts will appear in our June issue, with portrait reproductions.

Bureau of Labor for the Deaf

By Hugh C. Miller

An address delivered at the convention of the Dixie Association of the Deaf at Raleigh, N. C., August 23-26, 1928, by Hugh G. Miller, Chief of the North Carolina Bureau.



R. CHAIRMAN, Ladies and Gentlemen:— I esteem it an honor to be accorded the privilege of addressing you on our Bureau work and sincerely thank the Executive Committee for this honor.

The Bureau of Labor for the Deaf, which was created in 1923 in the Department of Labor and Printing under the commission of Mr. M. L. Shipman, through the united efforts and influence of the members of the North Carolina Association of the Deaf, and several members (including Mr. Frank Grist) of the General Assembly, and while it is still in its infancy it has accomplished so much good that it justifies the expense of maintaining it to meet the needs of the deaf. Mr. J. M. Robertson, who was of great assistance in the creation of this division, took charge and was Chief from 1923 to 1925. Mr. F. D. Grist is now Commissioner of this Department. The duties of the Chief of the Bureau are to look after the welfare of the deaf in an industrial way, to seek and secure employment for the deaf who need employment, also to gather data about the education and qualification of the deaf at large. I am still endeavoring to overcome prejudice on the part of employers against the hiring of deaf workers. But I am glad to say that discrimination against their being employed is diminishing slowly, and believe that some day the deaf will be on equal footing with the hearing workers in all skilled trades.

It is very well known to you that the officers and teachers in the schools for the deaf have no time to go out and correct this wrong impression or to seek and secure employment for those who seek work.

A Remedy for such a condition would be the establishment in every State of such a Bureau of Labor for the Deaf, as is now operating in North Carolina (the only one in the South) and Minnesota. I assure you that this bureau would eliminate this by bringing about a better understanding between the hearing employers and the deaf employees, and classifying the trades and professions and placing the deaf workman where he is capable of making good, and also enlighten the lives of the deaf in general by placing them in jobs best fitted to their individual capacity. I am certain that in the course of time other bureaus will be created in the South. We heartily congratulate our North Carolina school in having a new and handsome Industrial building just completed, and three new linotype machines (latest models) have recently been installed there. This school is fortunate in having secured the services of a skilled deaf printing instructor from Florida, and there is no doubt but he will turn out some fine workers in the art of printing. This is evident through his success in training so many fine deaf operators while instructor at the Florida school.

Employment during the past year (1927) was found for 110 deaf persons through this bureau. This speaks well for it, in view of the fact that the unemployment situation has continued to exist in our state and country. This was caused by bad business conditions which has existed throughout the country and has necessitated laying

off of thousands of workers. These have experienced great difficulty in finding similar positions anywhere, and it is very often that a great number of them have to absorb themselves in other lines of work in order to get bread and butter. In proportion to hundreds of hearing workers, the deaf workers were retained and they have not lost a day's pay. Why? Because the employers find that these deaf workers prove themselves as steady and efficient as the hearing ones, and because they do not talk. During the years 1925 to 1928, at the bureau 331 positions (all lines of work) were secured for deaf persons. These placements were secured through personal interview and correspondence with employers. Personal interview with employers always bring best results.

Placements during the past year show that carpentering is the favored profession, and printing the second preferred.

Questionaries were sent out to all industrial plants and other corporations in North Carolina, 80 per cent of the replies show that the employers indicate a willingness to employ deaf persons on the same wage basis as hearing workers performing like service, provided they are well qualified. From January 1, 1925, to August 1, 1928, 1515 calls, writings, employment and advice, was given through this bureau.

Now I wish to warn those who are now employed to stick to their jobs. If you should change jobs and business does not pick up, you may be among the first to be laid off, because of the priority rule. Always be honest in your attitude, and in what you say. If you think otherwise, you are liable to lose out.

IMPOSTORS

Without exception the deaf pride themselves upon their ability to become self-supporting, and are a unit in denouncing IMPOSTORS who carry cards or leaflets representing themselves as deaf, who appeal to the public for alms. The public should be warned against assisting them. We appeal to you to co-operate with us in stamping out this imposter evil. If you will do so this will be lessened.

AUTO BILL

The bill which was introduced in the General Assembly in 1927 which would have barred any person possessing less than 2% of normal hearing from driving automobiles, failed of its passage through the result of a united and determined fight waged by this bureau and some leading deaf men of this state, including Mr. J. M. Robertson, who was Secretary of the North Carolina Association of the Deaf, 1925-1927, and who was of great assistance to this bureau in fighting this bill. The failure of the passage of this bill means that the deaf can continue to drive their cars without molestation, but must be careful about observing the traffic regulations. All thanks are due Messrs. Robertson, Hamrick, Carrel, Brendall and Seawell, for their fight against the bill.

HOME FOR AGED AND INFIRM DEAF

Another aim of this bureau is to secure the co-operation, in the proposed establishment of this Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf. Since I took charge of this division I have been debating as to how this problem could be solved

without having to ask the legislature for help. I sincerely hope that you may be able to find some way to have it established. In my opinion it could be supported by popular subscriptions of the deaf and hearing people. The only expense to be met would be that of a hearing matron. The whole service of the Home, cooks, waiters, dishwashers, gardeners, etc., should be furnished by inmates as a part of the return for their "keep." In my opinion a board (6 hearing and 3 deaf men) should be elected by this convention, (influential and interested men) to administer the affair of this Home, unless this convention would be willing to assume all responsibility for the financial conducting of that institution. Of course, I would favor the establishing of the Home in Atlanta, Ga., because that city is very accessible on all lines of railways. I assure you that this institution would make the condition of the deaf inmates much better than in county almshouses, and it would attract the attention of influential and interested people, who would help the Home from time to time. As a matter of fact, we have twenty-two deaf people domiciled in different county poor houses in North Carolina who need the sympathy and help of the deaf. They are all lonely and should be removed from the public almshouses and put in a Home for the deaf, where they would have other deaf to talk with and be able to enjoy a little of life's blessings, even though they be old and infirm. They need comfort and cheer from their own class in their misfortune. The sooner the deaf of the South establish this Home the more credit there will be to them. The matter is urgent. In the same class with Ohio, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, these institutions can work wonderfully and harmoniously; which are supported by popular subscription.

NATIONAL INDUSTRIAL BUREAU

Referring to the National Industrial Bureau, I am in full accord with the movement to have it created in Washington, D. C., or anywhere else, because it is my firm belief that it would prove very helpful to the deaf in many industrial ways. To work in conjunction with this division, we could have "swapping" jobs. In most every school for the deaf there are Industrial Departments, but in some cases they are in the hands of poor teachers. They claim that the case is a lack of funds with which competent instructors could be hired. It is my opinion that this division could be created without much trouble, if all the deaf of the United States would co-operate in all ways possible. If you should offer no objections, I sincerely hope that you will adopt resolutions for that purpose, and send them to the coming congress.

Mr. Frank D. Grist continues to take interest in the welfare of the deaf of North Carolina and is always ready to be called any time to help us solve any problem.

With this accomplishment we should not relax and make no further efforts in the promotion of the welfare of our deaf population. In many ways our Bureau needs your efficient co-operation and support. You know very well that no concern or individual can succeed without co-operation.

One day two schoolboys were enjoying themselves out of bounds.

Presently one of them saw the headmaster coming along. They had nowhere to hide, so one of them said to the other—

"Got your rubber?"

"What for?" the other one asked

"Why to rub ourselves out with!"

The Tempest

By Jimmie N. Anthony

Like maiden's tears, rain drops on my window splash,
Great tears from the tempest heaven's e're open eyes
A break within the darkness, a lightning flash,
Reveals a flood of tears such as from maiden's cry.

And in the midst, the night winds' ceaseless howl,
The giant oak sways before its sweeping blast;
As strong men flinch, so do beast and fowl,
Before the scorn that our maidens cast.

But tears must pass just as tempests go,
And afterwards will appear the sun;
May our maidens' tears never cease to flow,
When it means a love begun.

Nor from their tear stained eyes rivulets flow
To moist some perhaps dry rose or tulip bed;
Such as those that on grave mounds grow,
Where beneath the grass rests some tired head.

HOME FOR AGED DEAF

For some time there has been persistent talk, especially in the South of a home for the aged and infirm deaf.

While we do not see any immediate need of such a home, at least not for the deaf of Tennessee, we would not think it untimely for the deaf of the entire United States to start working for a great national home, and perhaps orphanage, to be open to the deaf of all sections and all states.

Such a home could be established and maintained by the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. There is no organization in better position to undertake such a step. Indications are that N. F. S. D. officials and members would favor such, and under the assessment system now in force it would be easy to quickly establish and efficiently maintain such a home.—*The (Knoxville) Silent Observer*.



Mr. and Mrs. Murray Campbell of San Francisco, California

"Airplane Cures" for the Deaf A Myth

Theory, Exploded; May Result in Permanent Injury, Burst Ear Drums and Cause Phobias



AIRPLANE flying as a cure for defects of speech or hearing is of no more value than swallowing a decoction from a witch's cauldron brewed at midnight. And it is apt to be more deleterious than the stew from hog's tooth, wolf's tongue, poison ivy and the rest of the witch's prescription. It has no proven efficacy, it may be positively injurious and where a child is the subject of the experiment it may be vicious cruelty.

The public has had a new thrill—the story of the attempt to cure a ten-year-old boy, afflicted with a congenital speech defect, via the airplane route, in wild flights from Curtiss Flying Field, Long Island, N. Y. Lest there be attempts to repeat the silly experiment elsewhere at the expense of some other helpless child the Review is glad to give the results of a complete investigation of the Long Island affair.

The boy was Gene (or Julius) Schaeffer. His parents reside in Brooklyn. Presumably at the urgent request of the mother (naturally eager to try anything that might help her afflicted child) the boy was taken aloft by a pilot of the Brooklyn Aero Club on two occasions. Newspapers featured the story, described how the boy was carried to a high altitude, how the machine was put through varied stunts. The public got its thrill but the scared boy's condition was in no way improved by the shock treatment.

Following the publicity Mr. Charles F. Golnick, Superintendent of the Nassau County Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Mineola, came prominently into the case, while the sister societies at Brooklyn and New York City also took active interest.

Mr. Golnick conferred with the pilot, the manager of the Flying Field and others. Mr. Merrill, manager of the Field, exploded the theory that a totally deaf person might be cured by a trip through the air. He had, he stated, records representing instances of persons, mostly adults, who had taken test flights at high altitudes to cure defects of speech or hearing but he did not recall a single instance where any definite benefit had resulted. He further believed the test had been severe for a ten-year-old child and declared he would issue an order to pilots to discontinue stunt flights with children.

The pilot informed Mr. Golnick that the boy had been taken up twice at the mother's request, that he did not see any improvement in his condition, that the boy seemed badly scared at first but subsequently became calm under the mother's care.

A few days later the boy was examined by Dr. Ellen Lysaght, of the Brooklyn S. P. C. C., and subsequently by other doctors at the Brooklyn Hospital. The investigation revealed that the boy had not spoken since birth and there seemed little prospect that his mental or physical condition could be improved. Nevertheless the Brooklyn S. P. C. C. is seeing that the boy receives all expert help that can be given.

Mr. Golnick has gone deeply into the matter. He has received assurance from the Hon. F. Trubee Davison, Assistant Secretary of War, that he would regulate the matter so far as army fliers are concerned and endeavor to obtain a general ruling from the U. S. Department of Commerce which would cover the commercial flyers.

Major I. B. March, chief flight surgeon at Mitchell Field, gave a very definite statement to a New York World interviewer in which he said:

"Such performances and the publicity attendant upon them serve to mislead unfortunate sufferers by raising false hopes. No benefits can come from the kind of treatments given the Schaeffer child and great harm may be done.

"The danger is both physical and mental. A stunting airplane may be a very terrible thing to a person not accustomed to flying and ten times as terrifying to a child, who is more likely to give way to unreasoning fear than to possess enough common sense and presence of mind to figure out that the pilot won't attempt anything he can't get away with. Experiences of this sort tend to leave the youthful mind scarred with devastating and ineradicable phobias."

Disregarding the possibility of injuries from a crash—always more likely to happen in stunt than straight flying—Major March pointed out that there is still great hazard for "airplane patients" in long dives, dizzy spirals or any other evolution.

"The swift change of air pressure in a quick drop from the sky," he said, "is frequently sufficient to burst the ear drums. Even pilots of long experience, who know how to protect themselves against this menace by swallowing as they rise or descend, or otherwise equalizing through the Eustachian tube, the pressure between the inner and outer ear, sometimes become so absorbed in their flying that they seriously impair their hearing.

"The type of deafness that conceivably could be cured by the shock of an airplane ride is a form of hysteria in which there is no organic defect yet the hearing mechanism refuses to function because of a psychic inhibition. But there are so many ways of trying this method, safely and satisfactorily in a psychiatrist's laboratory that resorting to an airplane flight is crude and inexcusable except as a last resort.

"In cases where deafness results from an organic condition it is foolish to try to effect a cure by means of a trip into the air."

No more aerial experiments will be made with the Schaeffer boy. And children generally should be protected against similar experiments. Mr. Golnick has rendered a service to children by his effective handling of this case. Due to the publicity many requests have been received from afflicted persons in all parts of the country for an opportunity to test the merits of the so-called "airplane cure."—*The National Humane Review*.

A VALUABLE BOOKLET FREE TO DEAF

Dr. Hight C. Moore, Executive Secretary of the Southern Baptist Convention has offered Rev. J. W. Michaels, for distribution among the Deaf people several hundred copies of a most valuable Booklet containing an outline for the reading of the most cardinal points in the Bible both in the Old and New Testaments, so that one by devoting a few minutes a day to the reading can finish in one year. The Booklet is a sure guide for all who wish to take up Bible reading and study and finish in the time mentioned. It should be in the hands of everybody, especially the deaf people who need such guidance more than the hearing people do.

The booklet can be gotten by sending a self addressed envelope with a one cent stamp thereon for mailing. Classes of Deaf people may send only about eight cents in stamps for quantities of twenty or more. Address, Rev. J. W. Michaels, Mountainburg, Arkansas.



The artist at work in his studio

The Versatile Eulogio Blasco

EULOGIO BLASCO, the deaf Spanish artist may aptly be called an artistic dynamo. His fierce and consuming urge to create is the source of his great versatility, for, besides painting and sculpture, his talent expresses itself in all forms of artistic metal work. In painting he depicts the types of his native city of Caceres and of adjoining Portugal, that garden of Europe where he often goes for inspiration. His paintings are native and crude, yet very forceful in feeling. His style seems well calculated to express the swarthy women, born of sun and earth, who balance water jars upon their heads in Caceres streets.

In sculpture, Blasco's expression is very wide, both in subject and material. He makes portrait busts, plaques, allegorical subjects, decorative sculpture, in marble, bronze, wood, plaster and metal. His metal work, which is closely allied to his sculpture and in which he finds his most congenial medium, ranges from delicate jewelry in gold and silver to the most massive conceptions in wrought iron. He makes lamps, chandeliers, basins

for the charcoal fires which heat Spanish houses in winter jars, pitchers, almsbasins, cabinets and other furniture in wrought iron. In the upper left-hand corner of this page is shown a remarkable plaque in wrought and chiseled silver, representing the Patron Virgin of his native city. Our cover for this month is taken from one of his paintings, representing a Spanish Kitchen with its colorful pottery and its huge jars for olive oil.

The chief quality which manifests itself in the art of Blasco is force. The vigor with which he throws himself at his work results in a great strength which does not concern itself with polish. Of delicacy in conception and fineness in execution we find little in Blasco's work. These qualities are not essential to a good work of art. Exquisiteness and refinement many times hide a lack of depth. An intuitive, ingenious artist like Blasco would not be able—under

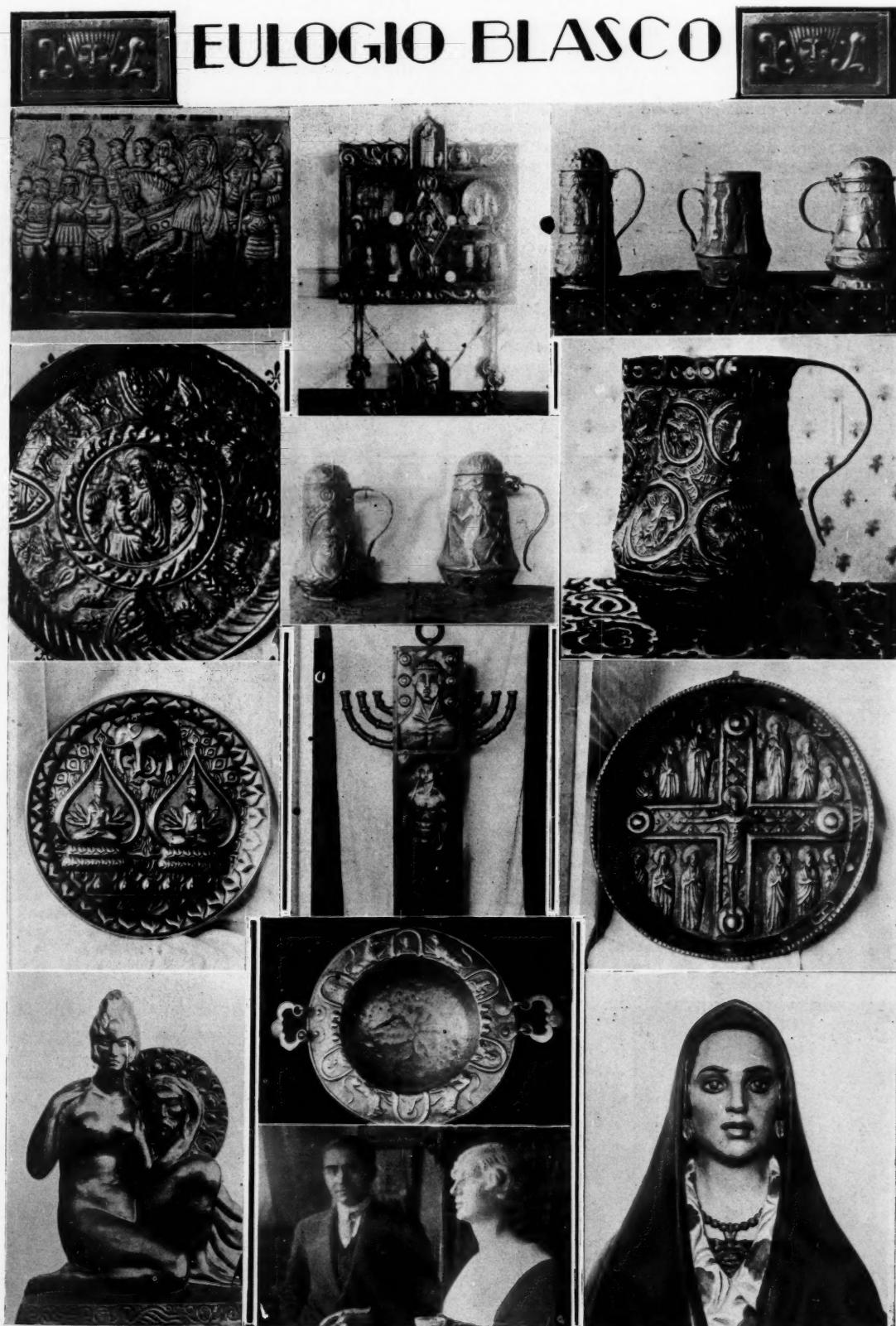
pain of losing his spontaneity and freshness of execution and his interesting personality—to create a work full of elegance which would not seem artificial. We prefer to



Views of an exhibit of the artist's work in Barcelona



Top and center of page: Paintings of Caceres Types. At the sides: Two busts of Caceres peasant women. The lower three are allegorical sculptures showing, left to right: "Thought", "Victory in Death", "Thought and Love"



Various aspects of metal work of Blasco. In the upper center is a beautiful wrought iron cabinet with panels in relief. Lower left: "Salome with the Head of John the Baptist." Lower Center: The artist with a portrait bust of his sister. Lower right: A polychrome wood bust of a Caceres type, acquired by the Museum of Caceres

find in his work a strong, barbarous, independent art, and to look to age and experience to create of Blasco's art a well-rounded and harmonious expression.

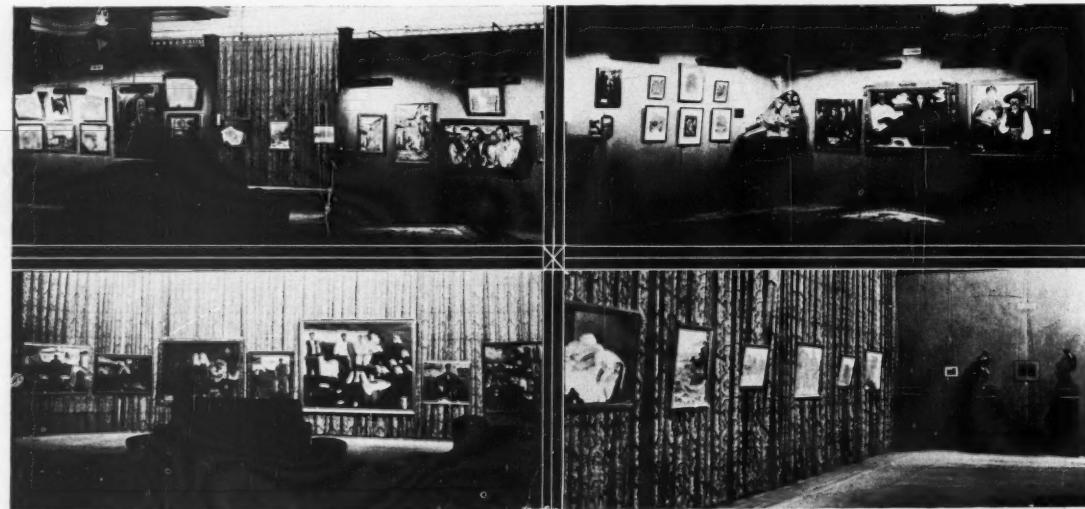
Another trait of Blasco's work is *naviète*. This is not strange, but is intimately bound up with his physical defect. His detachment from the world of sound keeps his feelings simple and ingenuous, and his ideas are not weakened because of it, but are made fixed and penetrating. The vigor of his ideas, made visible in his works, has a startling, barbarous quality. One does not look for suavity in his work, unless, perchance, he is carving a delicate Virgin, to order, for an exacting patron. Left to himself and to the expression of his own ideas, his inspiration will run riot in brutal inharmonies, in mystical allegories inspired by all that is crude and mystical in Buddhistic art, in Early Christian art, and the art of the Orient. In all of Blasco's work, as a whole, as one part is related to another, there is harmony, for it is all the product of one genius. It is easy to praise works of art in which there are found no other qualities than those easily acquired: pleasing fininh, pleasing detail, pleasing

superficiality. It takes a deeper understanding of the basic principles of art to see the beauty in the sincere, forceful art of Eulogio Blasco.

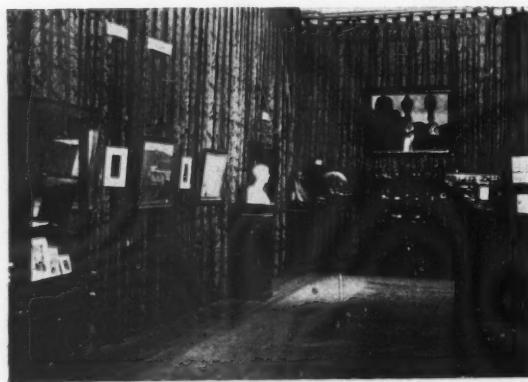
K. H. S.



Decorative wrought-iron panel by Blasco



Views of the Third Salon des Artists Silencieux, held in the new Fine Arts Club of Madrid, May 1-15, 1928. Upper row: Works of Spanish artists. Lower left: Works of Ramon and Valentín de Zubiaurre. Lower right: Works of French artists.



The American room. Paintings by Phillips F. Lewis and Kelly H. Stevens, sole American exhibitors. Sculpture and metal work and paintings by Eulogio Blasco. Fine book bindings by Vilem B. Hauner. Drawings by Florentino Andueza

The Third Salon des Artists Silencieux took place May 1-15, 1928, in the luxurious and wonderfully equipped new Fine Arts Club of Madrid. From the viewpoint of publicity, attendance, and sales, it was the most successful Salon yet held by the deaf artists. It was the sensation of the world of the Spanish capital. The rooms, hung in rich brocade, as a background for paintings were thronged from morning until night. The Madrid newspapers had accounts of the showing filled with laudatory criticism, and royalty, in the person of the Infanta Isabel, paid the exhibition a visit. Twenty-six works were sold, including painting and sculpture. Most gratifying of all was the purchase by the Spanish government of six works for the National Museum of Modern Art in Madrid. Two pieces of sculpture: a Head by Iglesias, and a Bust of Valentín de Zubiaurre by François Crolard; and four painting by deaf Spanish artists were the works bought for the museum.

It is hoped to have the next exhibition by the Salon in New York, at the time of the N. A. D. celebration in 1930.

Angelenograms

By Augusta K. Barrett

THE DEAF must support it with their brains and their dollars" is a familiar phrase in the SILENT WORKER's appeal each month, on the advertising page. Have the subscribers helped as they should with their brains? Some dailies run a column or so to which the people contribute letters, items and suggestions and if the WORKER had such a column to which all you brainy writers would contribute we might get some new ideas on topics of interest or importance. There used to be so many deaf writers, writing because they liked it, not caring whether they were paid or not; it was enough to be expressing their thoughts and to achieve publication. Is this a more mercenary age, or must we blame it like everything else on the "movies" the autos, and the World War?

The WORKER is now a bi-monthly like the *British Deaf Times*, the organ of the deaf of the United Kingdom. The British paper's advertisement says it is edited and controlled by the deaf, that it is "independent, interesting, outspoken and honestly impartial." In one sense it can be said that the SILENT WORKER is published by the American deaf, but the equipment belongs to the New Jersey School for the Deaf. As has been hinted lately a time may come when that school may not find it expedient to publish a magazine like the WORKER. Why couldn't the National Association of the Deaf acquire the SILENT WORKER and publish it as the official organ, retaining the present magazine features? There is a By-Law in the N.A.D.'s Constitution which says that the Association shall publish an official organ. We understand that the N.A.D. plans sometime to establish permanent headquarters, with a paid official in charge, giving all his time to the Association and its objects. Such headquarters should be centrally located and the same city would be the right place for publication of the official organ. The Endowment Fund of the N.A.D. at the

Washington Convention in 1926 was reported to be over \$10,000, and it will have increased to a respectable sum by the time the N. A. D. meets at Buffalo in 1930. In



What an exodus from the Midwest! Former Iowans and Nebraskans enjoying picnic lunch at Bixby Park, Long Beach, California

its present form of bi-monthly it would not be too expensive an undertaking for the National Association to publish the SILENT WORKER.

* * *

Miss Dorothy Nolen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Nolen of Los Angeles, is so clever that she is already in demand as an entertainer and feature dancer. Her Jazz toe ballet is her particular forte. When quite a little girl she began taking lessons and her teachers soon found out her grace and talent. She was a member of the "Peggy Gene Revue," which gave entertainments in Los Angeles and nearby towns last summer. "The Red Dance" is an exquisite Russian toe dance, many of the steps were originated by Peggy Gene, who is Dorothy's teacher at the "School of Individual Dance Training." The October number of "The American Dancer" has a full-page picture of Miss Nolen and Miss Perry in a clever Dutch number, "The Lollipop," in Dutch costumes, at that time playing in vaudeville. A newspaper notice of the "Red Dance" says "Miss Nolen won all hearts in the audience and pleased in a manner that assures her a wonderful future."

Perhaps there is something in heredity; in talent in



Dorothy Nolen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Nolen, Los Angeles, accomplished little toe dancer, in clever number, in "The Red Dance," and in "Twinkletoes"



In the garden at Mrs. B. Thompson's home, Los Angeles, a party in honor of Mrs. Comp, of Omaha, and Miss Roper, of St. Louis. First row, sitting, left to right—Miss Bible, Mrs. Chaney, Miss Roper, Mrs. Blanchard. Second row—Mrs. Gesner, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Bulmer, Mrs. Stillman, Mrs. Barrett, Mrs. Schneider, Mrs. Wittmer, Mrs. Butterbaugh, Mrs. E. Bingham, Mrs. Waddell, Mrs. Peck, Mrs. Comp, Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. B. Thompson, Mrs. Noah. Back row—Mrs. Bass, Mrs. Cool, Mrs. McDonald

one generation cropping out in a different way in another period, as on her father's side Dorothy is related to Thomas A. Watson, who was the mechanical assistant of Alexander Bell, and whom the first complete sentence was transmitted over a wire by Dr. Bell, on March 10, 1876. But of this story more anon. To return to our little dancer's parents. Mrs. Nolen, as Jessie Woodburn, received most of her education at the Faribault, Minnesota, School for the Deaf, being there 7 years and then attended a year at the Minneapolis Day School. Her parents then moved to Montana, and she was a pupil of the school at Boulder a month or so, and then her parents moved to Seattle, and she finished her schooling at the Vancouver School for the Deaf, which she attended about one and a half years. Quite a varied experience in schools! The family later came to Los Angeles and it was here that she met Mr. Nolen.

Arthur Watson Nolen was born at Salem, Massachusetts, that town so famous in the history of New England. He was educated at the New England Industrial School for the Deaf, at Beverly, Mass. After he left school he worked four years in a shoe factory at Salem, then came to Los Angeles with his mother and brother in 1905. For a while he attended a private school here, then got a

job as a pressman and has always had employment. Mr. and Mrs. Nolen met at a party, as at that time there were no clubs here, the big migration of the deaf to this city had not yet begun. They now own a nice home in Southwest Los Angeles. Dorothy is their only child. Mr. Nolen treasures a little volume, "The Birth and Babyhood of the Telephone," given to him by his uncle Tom, the author, Thomas A. Watson, who was his mother's brother. He was associated with Dr. Bell through the years from 1874 to 1881. The book is a reprint of the address delivered by Mr. Watson before the third annual convention of Telephone Pioneers of America, in Chicago, Oct. 17, 1913. The experiments of Bell and Watson with the instruments are described and how on March 10, 1876, the first message was transmitted over the telephone. From his laboratory on the top floor of an old house at 5 Exeter Place, Boston, Dr. Bell telephoned to Mr. Watson, his assistant, in another room on the same floor, "Mr. Watson, please come here, I want you." Let Mr. Watson describe this in his own words: "Of course, in our struggle to expel the imps from the invention, an immense amount of experimenting had to be done, but it wasn't many days before we could talk back and forth and hear each other's voice. It is however, hard for me to



Picnic of the Iowa and Nebraska Association of the Deaf of Southern California, at Long Beach, California, August 1928

realize now that it was not until the following March that I heard a complete and intelligible sentence. It made such an impression upon me that I wrote that first sentence in a book I have always preserved. The occasion had not been arranged and rehearsed as I suspect the sending of the first message over the Morse telegraph had been years before, for instead of that noble first telegraphic message—"What hath God wrought?" the first message of the telephone was: "Mr. Watson, please come here, I want you." Perhaps if Mr. Bell had realized that he was about to make a bit of history, he would have been prepared with a more sounding and interesting sentence."

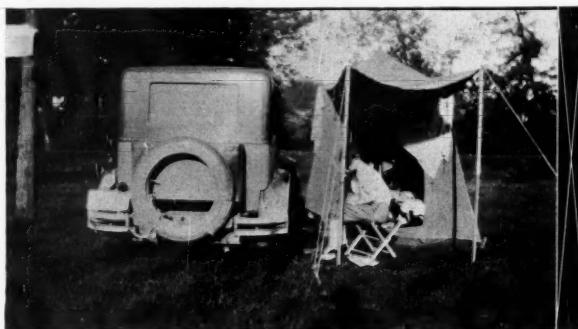
Mr. Nolen also treasures the semi-centennial number of the "Southern California Transmitter," the organ of the Bell System here, published on March 10, 1926, when the employees of the Bell System all over the country were commemorating the fiftieth birthday of the telephone. Mr. Watson was still living at that time and was honored and himself joined in the celebration. Mr. Nolen is mentioned in the Transmitter as follow:—"Arthur W. Nolen, nephew of Thomas A. Watson, is an old

time resident of Los Angeles and the pressman who has run every issue of our Southern California Transmitter."

* * *

The Los Angeles Silent Club will celebrate its tenth anniversary on January 19th with a banquet. The club's new officers elected in December are:—President, Mrs. Hazel D. Schneider; Vice-President, Mrs. Augusta K. Barrett; Secretary, Mrs. James Conway; Treasurer, Mr. Charles, Boss; Trustees of Building Fund, W. H. Rother Briscoe, Mrs. U. Butterbaugh, Jacob Beck, James Conway, Mrs. I. Haworth, Simon Himmelschien, Mrs. Grace Noah, Miss Ella Roy, W. H. Rother, Ray Stillman, Omar Smith, Mrs. Zach. Thompson, and Mrs. Kenneth Willman.

Officers of the Sunshine Circle, a ladies charitable society, for 1929 are: President, Mrs. Royal LaMont; First Vice-President, Mrs. Zach Thompson; Second Vice-President, Miss Amma Yates; Secretary, Mrs. Gertrude Singleton; Treasurer, Mrs. Augusta K. Barrett; Auditors, Mrs. Frank B. Thompson, Mrs. Frank E. Worswick, Mrs. Earl Field.



Camping on the way



Fish caught from Kabatogama Lake near International Falls, Minn.

The Kennedys

LAST Summer Everett Kennedy, linotype mechanic of New Jersey School print-shop, ventured on the sea of matrimony by marrying Miss Alice Gunder-son, one of the academic department teachers. They decided to spend their honeymoon canoeing on the School's lake the next week after the knot was tied and after paddling around the placid lake a while, in some mysterious manner Everett upset the canoe and of course both himself and bride went overboard. Just how they got to the shore is not explained, but it is presumed that both are expert swimmers. Now I ask you, is this a nice way to treat a bride?

As soon as school closed for the annual vacation Everett and his bride decided that honeymooning on water was not as safe as on dry land, so they went on an auto trip to Minnesota and the Dakotas, the former being the home of Mrs. Kennedy. The pictures herewith show how well they enjoyed their trip. In one of the pictures Mrs. Kennedy is seen frying the fish which they caught (picture on the right). We wonder if they ate all of them—please note that there are eight big ones on the string.

When the gunning season opened Mr. Kennedy pur-

chased a shot gun and tried his luck on the school grounds. As the story goes, he saw a rabbit, and in his excitement he dropped his gun and tried to catch the cotton-tail with his bare hands, but he found the little animal too elusive.

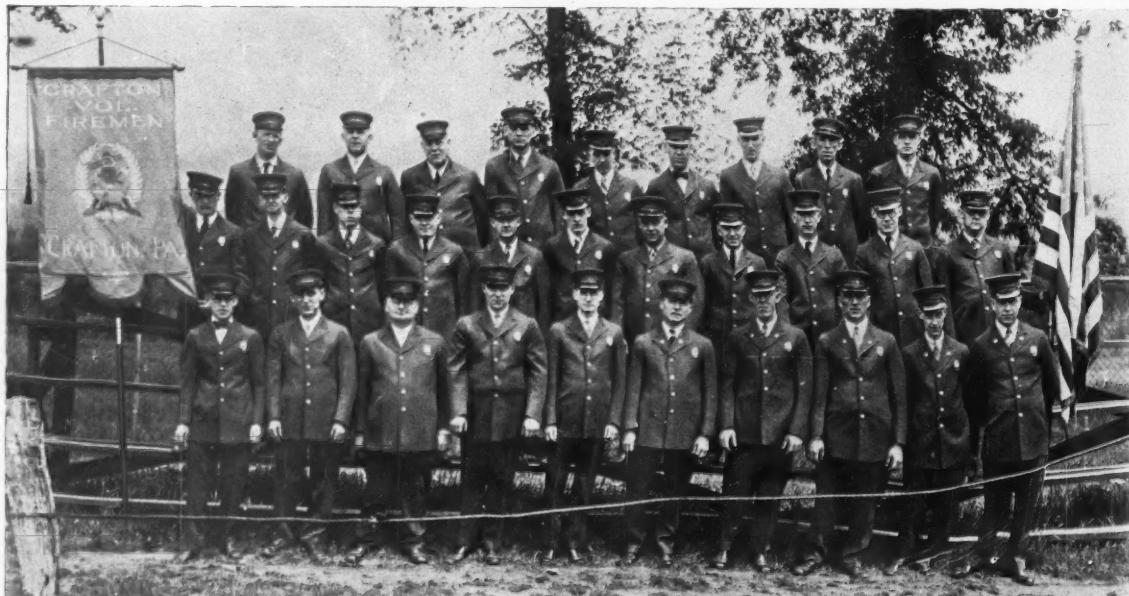
Deplored his bad luck he went to a party that night and as he was about to run his car into the garage after his return home, there in the glare of the headlights stood Mr. Bunny, but this time Mr. Kennedy had no gun and was in no mood to chase. Now I ask you, why did Mr. Kennedy buy a gun?

Mrs. Kennedy is a trained teacher of the deaf and being the daughter of deaf parents understands deaf nature as though she herself were deaf. And as for Mr. Kennedy, those who know of his ability as a mechanic can tell you that there is something uncanny about the way he can make a balky linotype or automobile operate as they should after giving them the once over. He has the mechanical mind that gets to the heart of the trouble with the least fuss or expenditure of time. When two young people join hands for better or for worse we are inclined to believe that it is for the better it the case of the Kennedys.

Congratulations to Crafton Volunteer Firemen

Crafton Volunteer Firemen's gift.....	\$25.00
" " member's contributions.....	\$25.50
<hr/>	
	\$50.50

To De l'Epee Memorial Fund. Through Vincent Dunn



Left to right—Bottom—T. E. Montgomery, Sec'y; W. A. Smith, J. Thomas, President; A. Ensminger, R. K. Montgomery, Treas; A. J. Voelker, Sr., H. Gormley, W. Utz, W. Daner, J. Burrows. Middle—A. Kerin, V. Dunn, (mute), A. J. Voelker, Jr., J. McDermott, H. Depp, A. Crum, T. Deller, J. P. Grande, G. Scheaffer, J. Limbaugh, D. Marshall. Top—J. S. Krohe, F. King, F. Chess, J. Herman, M. D. Moore, A. L. Adams, J. Turoog, E. Gormley, F. Montgomery.

Christian Endeavor Society of the Alabama School for the Deaf



With The Silent Workers

By Alexander L. Pach

HIS IS A LITTLE HOMILY about jobs. A deaf girl friend of mine with a superior education; an extra course in a business school to make her an expert typist, and on top of it still another course in the science of filing all of which should have put her in line for a job, but in spite of these attainments, and in spite of the efforts of a number of heads of personnel departments in very large banks and similar institutions, and in spite of pressure brought by friendly vice-presidents and department chiefs, all doors were closed on the single ground of the young woman's deafness, and no other.

Many were the reasons given. Among them was one that emphasized the fact that if she was employed there would be occasions when the use of the phone would be essential, and, being deaf, she couldn't; so that ended it.

Another bar was in that all new employees must pass a thorough medical examination, and deafness would bring the medical examiner's "No" down hard where the inquiry "Do you consider the applicant worthy of being employed by this company?" was met.

Even chiefs of departments who have deaf relatives, and very capable ones at that, could not see how a deaf girl could be employed.

One concern that I applied to employs a thousand girls. One of the biggest officials is a vice-president, whom I knew when he was an office-boy. He married the daughter of one of our best known deaf-mute printers of other days, and his mother-in-law is a talented deaf-mute woman still living. With all these facts at hand, as to the reliability and dependability of deaf people as workers, he could not yet place the deaf girl on his company's payroll, in spite of the fact that she had passed high in her preliminary examinations and in spite of the fact that she can speak very well and is an excellent lip reader.

The gentleman in charge of "Personnel" told me that there was simply no way out of the dilemma. The girl could not hear and therefore was ineligible, according to all rules and regulations.

As a companion picture to all this, a girl just out of a business school came here with a letter from an old friend, telling me the young woman was a distant relative and wouldn't I oblige him and her by helping her get a job as a stenographer. Being busy at the moment I told the young woman to go and see a "Personnel" department executive whom I knew, and put in an application, giving my name as reference if necessary. She got the job, for a week later she wrote me a letter of appreciation in which she spelled "truly" with two "l's" and "sincerely" without any "s", but she could hear so odds bodkins.

Here's another. Deaf young man called on me and showed me a letter from one of the officials of one of our great organizations of the deaf, written to the young man's brother, an M.D., and telling the brother, in answer to his inquiry as to how the deaf man might get a job, he could call on this writer and one other person, whose address was also given, and we could perhaps pave the way to a job.

On questioning him, I found the young man a 23rd school graduate without any trade. When I asked if he was a "Frat" he told me he did not know what that

meant; so I showed him my "Frat" button, and he had never seen one before, nor was he a member of any organization of the deaf, nor could he do anything of practical utility.

The whole situation was that the brother thought there were organizations of the deaf that handed out jobs to other people for no other reason than that the other people were deaf; so he took that route to annex his brother to a job instead of looking up something right here at home, as he should have done in the first instance.

An "attention caller" (it is good old Tom Anderson, than whom there is nobody than whom, unless it is Francis P. Gibson) tells me that on the roster of the Iowa school, one of the girls rejoices in the name of Fonda Beer.

And only because we are on the subject, some time the Nebraska School will get up an entertainment and have something executed by the four pupils of that school whose names follow:

Derald Badman
Evelyn Fix
Harry Colick
Vella Grim

And if a sextet were preferred, Mr. Booth could add.
Fay Teare
Mae Rasp
Which ends the lesson in patronymics for this issue.

The Scientific Spirit has been so much discussed that nothing can be added except that every educator of the deaf, from the author of the article to all those who commented ought to be sorry for the misuse they made of the designation "SEMI-MUTE." In all the world there has never been any such thing and there never can be. Because the old timers of a century ago had to find some term to differentiate between the deaf-mute and the speaking deaf and invented the ridiculous SEMI-MUTE barbarity is no reason why the term should be used in our time.

The editor of the Kansas Star expresses surprise that an old time New Yorker like the individual hitting the keys of the typewriter this is now being written on should allow his ribs to get pushed in a subway crush, and we had a big surprise when the thing happened, but when a train stops ten feet from its accustomed stopping place, and one happens to be at the apex of a pushing mob, a couple of ribs are more likely to get squeezed than the steel door jams of a subway car.

Some one sends me a copy of the D. A. D. Booster, and I look in vain for some mention of my old friend Temmy Hamrick, who, I recall on motion of Mr. Thes. W. Hamrick, seconded by Mr. T. W. Hamrick was made press agent of the Association. Leaving Mr. Hamrick out of such a pamphlet isn't treating the famed "Spokesman of the South" right.

The Reverend Mr. Michaels in this issue of the "Booster" calls for chaperones for unmarried ladies at

the conventions of the Association, and he wants a general manager on a salary, an attorney and police. Some of these things the reverend gentleman wants is a sad and uncalled for reflection on the good people of the fair Southland, take it from one who has attended, several conventions down there.

Two of the finest conventions ever held were those of the Frats in 1921 and the National Association of the

Deaf in 1922, and no chaperones, attorneys or police were needed.

And speaking of the Southland, the South Carolina, Alabama and Georgia school papers have cut us off the exchange list, and they are all missed. Because we took issue with sentiments expressed in two of these publications can hardly be the reason for their exit.



A. L. Pach, Photo.

Prof. and Mrs. W. G. Jones on their Golden Wedding Anniversary, July 3, 1928.



A. L. Pach, Photo.

Grace Eaton Young (Mrs. Alvah D. Young)
Northampton graduate, and for past dozen years a
popular New York girl.

LITTLE HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Let the Kiddies play on the grass if they wish. Alcohol will take the stains out readily.

A tablespoon of lemon juice in half a glass of water, used with a soft tooth brush, will clean the teeth and harden the gums.

The juice of a lemon in a basin of water makes a cooling, cleansing lotion for the face and hands, removes the oily, greasy appearance so common in hot weather, and gives a feeling of freshness after golf, tennis, bicycling and other active exertions.

Oranges contain potash, soda, lime, magnesia, iron, manganese, phosphorus, sulphur, silica and chlorine—ten good reasons why they should be eaten regularly by both children and adults.

IT'S THE WEATHER

Bill: "She was your sweetheart."
Joe: "Yes, but she soured on me."

WELL, I'LL BE

"I'll be damned" the river said;
"I'll be darned," the hose.
"I'll be blamed" said little Jane—
Ink spot on her clothes.
Words like these, so often wrong,
Here are proper quite.
Why? Perhaps poor Jane's ink
Helps to make them RIGHT.

WATCH YOUR SPELLING

News heading: "Women drivers are not reckless."
We should say not—at least, not if you spell reckless with a "w."

WELL! HOW DID THEY?

It's the little things in life that worry us, such as "How did the Indians cut their toe-nails before knives were brought to their attention?"

SPORTS IN GENERAL

Edited By Frederick A. Moore

Edward Conners

By one of his Friends

EDWARD Conners, the water-front protege of the great Jimmy Slattery of Buffalo, first saw his light in the First Ward in the South Side of Buffalo which is known as—an Irish settlement. There, the law of the survivest of the fittest rules and in the same locality were born and reared Jimmy Slattery, the present contender for the lightheavyweight crown of the world; Jimmy Goodrich who beat Sammy Mandell recently; Jack and Mike Twin Sullivan; Frankie Earne and many other boys who have made a name for themselves in the resin squared circle. Those boys graduated from the old school of hard knocks and began the art of self defense at an early age. Conners's heart was filled with stories and deeds of these gladiators.

Eddie Conners was reared in the same locality until at the age of 11, when he lost his hearing from swimming. He entered the Le Couteulx St. Mary's School for the Deaf and while there he took a prominent part in school basketball and baseball. The Buffalo School is noted for its excellent teams.

He graduated in 1921 at the age of 14. He then secured a mansized job as a fireman on a steam shovel and that kind of work enabled him to acquire a tough physique which stood him in later years. In his spare moments, he hung around a neighborhood gymnasium where boxers of note performed their daily training. They sometimes hired him to do a "rubdown" and also let him box them a few rounds. In all those spare moments, Conners learned the ropes of the boxing game.

It was during one of those practice sessions that Conners was attracted to Dummy Burns, an old time heavyweight, who had fought them all in his time. He took Conners under his wing and im-

parted to him a few tricks in the art of boxing. At the age of 16, he was entered in the amateurs' ranks and started to sweep all of his opponents off their feet. He remained an amateur for three years during which he fought and won the amateur championship in the 147 lb, 160 lb, and light-heavyweight class. He easily won the Niagara District amateur championship. In the spring of 1924 he journeyed to Boston to enter the National Amateur Championship. He won all of the bouts and entered into the final with Henry Lamara to whom he lost the decision. He was outweighed by 20 pounds.

He turned professional in the following year and fought his first professional battle in Canada under the name of "Silent Gordon," winning it via a knockout. In his next two fights he repeated that process. He then retired from the ring, however, to return under the management of Paul "Red" Carr, in whose stable Jimmy Slattery, Sammy Goodrich and Osk Till are quartered. He fought nine fights during that year, winning seven, drawing in one and losing the last one by a decision. Four of them went by his "Mary Ann" producer.

After a lapse of a few months, he was offered to sub in for a Binghamton boxer against Joe Zink of Syracuse at the Salt City. Because of the short notice, Connors had only two days of training to prepare himself, but he nearly beat Zink and gave the Syracuse fans a great surprise. Connors had

Zink on the verge of a knockout but his lack of condition began to tell on him and weathered the rest of the bout. It became a glorious defeat for his ability to assimilate punishment and his wonderful gameness won the hearts of Syracuse fans. After the bout the fans gave him the greatest reception ever seen in the history of the Arena. It lasted some 10 minutes.



Edward Conners

Eddie Connors is a ready, rough and tumble fighter with a great fighting heart, but he does not lack boxing science. He has a knack of playing "opossum" and putting over a fast one before his opponent is fully aware of it. He is a powerful lad with a cool head under fire and packs a punch in either hand. He is a little short of six feet and tips the beam at 169 pounds. He is hardly out of his teens and life lies before him. The writer predicts

a future for him and claims for him the world's deaf light-heavyweight championship of the world.

Connors is a first cousin to the great Jimmy Slattery and his chief sparring partner. It is a known fact that Slattery refuses to train without him.

Connors is in business for himself now, running a cafe in the locality where his heart is buried in and is happy with his new venture.

The Michigan Football Team

By A Friend

MY capacity as reporter on the *Flint Daily* I have without a single exception been assigned to cover the Michigan School for the Deaf football games the past season and I have greatly enjoyed the work. Meeting Coach Wright and mingling with his boys, in whom has been instilled a fine spirit of sportsmanship, has indeed been a pleasure.

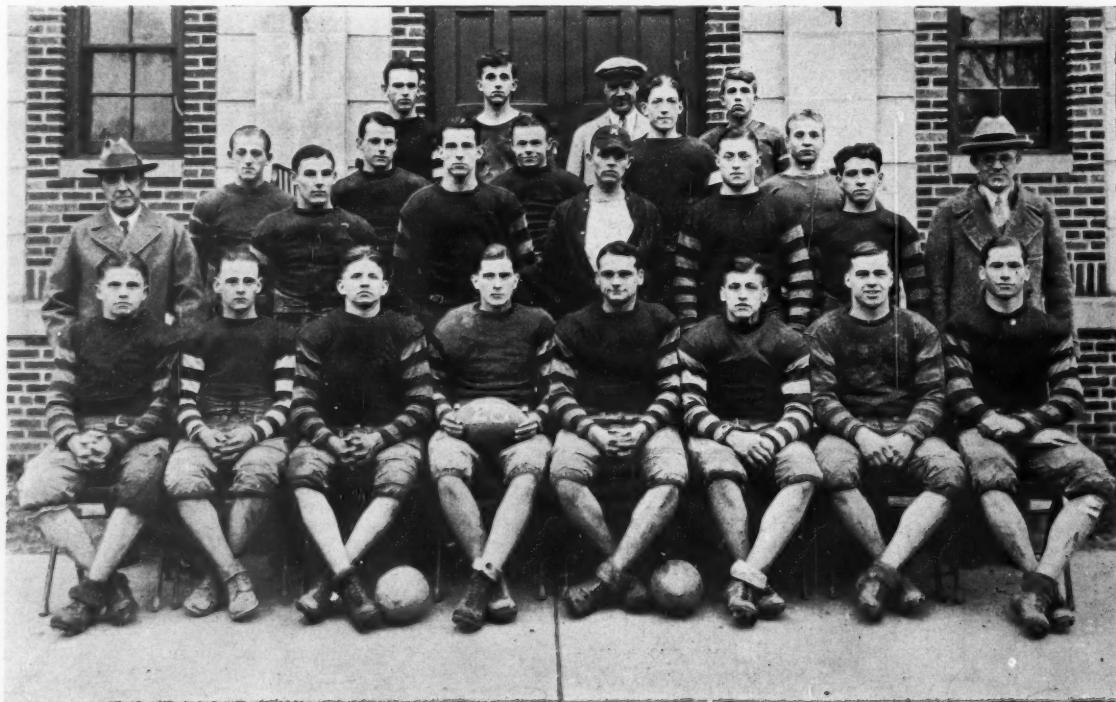
Coach Wright, who is coaching his first season at the State school, had been with his charge only five days when they went to Mt. Clemens and took on Michigan's famous health resort team. This team with several weeks practice and outweighing the deaf boys, had to fight valiantly to come through with a 19 to 6 victory.

The next week the deaf boys were sent against Flint Central high school; this team has many times been state champions and was nosed out of the championship this

year by the narrowest margin. Central won this game 18 to 0 but the experts who witnessed this game saw little to choose between them as all the breaks favored Central. At this time Coach Wright was still experimenting to find out the ability of his candidates; he having started the season with only five veterans.

The next game was the first on the deaf boys' home grounds and was with the United States Indian School located at Mt. Pleasant, Mich. Coach Wright's boys had now hit their stride and were working smoothly together. The Redskins, coached by a famous old Carlisle end, had a fast and well seasoned team, but they were swept off their feet by the rushes of the deaf boys and Coach Wright seized the opportunity to give his reserves a work out, taking the game in easy fashion with a 30 to 0 score.

The game that attracted the most interest was the one



First row, left to right—J. McKenzie, Adams, G. McKenzie, Capt. Laura, C. Shaffer, Weintraub, Vickstrom, Zimmer. Second row—Supt. Gilbert, Kernz, Waters, Coach Wright, Davies, Laikind. Faculty Mgr. Numbers. Third row—Kannick, Wood, Jas. Wood, Jastrezemski, Gorman, Virkstis. Fourth row—Osewald, Suejda, Mr. Newsome, Conklin.

with the Ohio State Deaf School. It was the first gridiron game between two deaf schools ever played in Flint and attracted a large crowd. The weights of the teams were practically the same, but the Ohio team was composed mostly of veterans. It was a great game with the Ohio boys fighting every inch, but they fought a losing battle, Michigan taking the count 19 to 0.

The strong Imlay City High School team next fell victim to the deaf boys 25 to 6.

An outstanding feat of the deaf boys was holding Holy

Redeemer's School to the low score of 12 to 0. This team greatly outweighed the deaf team and they are now holding the state championship in their class for the fourth consecutive year.

The season closed with an 0 to 0 tie played in the capital city with the heavy State Vocational School.

Coach Wright may justly be proud of the record he has made in his first year at our state institution and I look for his team to be a strong contender for the state championship next year.

Nebraska Enjoys Successful Season

By Charles Falk

THE NEBRASKA SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF enjoyed a successful football season last fall even though it failed to win half of its scheduled games. For the first time in a number of years the school found itself with a wealth of raw material which takes time to develop. To develop it during the short practice periods usually means a slow process as nearly every coach of a school for the deaf knows.

The loss of most of our games was due mainly to the inexperience of the team. The feature of the record was the scoreless tie with the Iowa School team, the team that had previously defeated the Minnesota team 30-0. Iowa was favored to cop the game but they seemed to have underestimated the strength of the Nebraska school. To its way of thinking Nebraska considers the result of the game a moral victory.

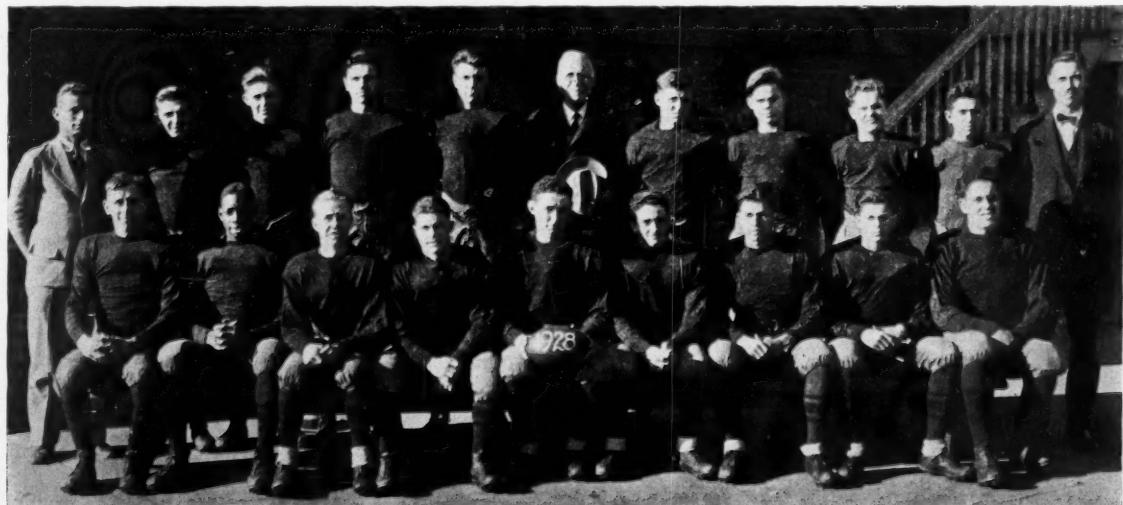
The schedule for the Nebraska team for the coming year includes a game with the Kansas School for the Deaf and another with its traditional foe, Iowa.

1928 RECORD

N. S. D. 0	Weeping Water	H. S. 7
N. S. D. 0	Decatur	H. S. 6
N. S. D. 0	Nebraska City	H. S. 12
N. S. D. 0	Benson	H. S. 6
N. S. D. 25	Oakland	H. S. 0
N. S. D. 13	Benson	H. S. 0
N. S. D. 0	Iowa S. D.	0
N. S. D. 0	Blair	H. S. 0
N. S. D. 0	Ashland	H. S. 35

Standing left to right: Nick Peterson, coach; Potmesil, guard; Elliott, half; Zahnel, half; Keim, full; Supt. F. W. Booth; Dey, tackle; Jourdan, center; Rabb, guard; Colick, guard; Chas. Falk, manager.

Sitting, left to right: Rewolinski, tackle; Hickman, guard; Kelley, half; Barber, end; Capt. Kelley, quarter; Purpura, guard; Pettit, half; Teare, end; Hansen, tackle.



Football team of the Nebraska School for the Deaf

The Deaf and the Hard of Hearing

By Elwood A. Stevenson



CONDITIONS, physiological and otherwise, would indicate that we have had the hard of hearing with us longer than we have had the truly deaf person. When we read of the individual successful attempts to teach the deaf in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries where some one made the deaf person "speak and heare with his eyes," we cannot help but feel that in most instances, the person was hard of hearing and not deaf. Available statistics give the amazing information that practically one one-half to four per cent of all school children are hard of hearing. This does not take into account the thousands of hard of hearing adults. Some otologists even put the percentage as high as fifteen per cent, such percentage naturally being governed by certain factors, such as hygienic conditions of families, facilities of examination, care and treatment in community, etc. Some sections have a higher percentage than others because of these factors.

Calculating on the basis that there are 24,000,000 school children, it is almost unbelievable to be told that there are approximately 3,600,000 children with an aural defect. To make the case more serious and very discouraging, at least 80 per cent of such aural defects (under present conditions) become worse and not better. Whereas if attended to in time and necessary remedial measures and care followed, such cases might be checked and alleviated. Most deafness ordinarily is progressive. These conditions have existed in our public schools and high schools for many years, but very little had been done to alleviate the condition of this child until recent years. Many such children went through or rather struggled through school without having their defect noticed. Teachers and parents considered them inattentive, careless, shy, and mentally slow. For the average individual, it is most difficult to detect an aural defect in a child. Yet to the trained ear of the expert and also to the accustomed eye of one who knows, an aural defect is quickly discovered.

Mental habits, tone of voice, manner of enunciation and facial expression would afford initial information as to the child's inability to hear. Ordinarily, a child with an aural defect likewise suffers speech defects as a result. An aural defect in an adult is serious enough but in a school child it is even worse. A loss of 30 per cent of hearing in an adult would not be so great a handicap or bar to progress and development as the same loss would be to a young school child. It is a very serious handicap for the school child and affects his entire physical, mental and spiritual life to a greater degree than any other defect. A mental defect in a child does not permit him the ability to appreciate and realize his handicap or his loss. An eye defect, before it becomes total, is easily and readily detected and normal vision secured through the use of proper lenses and the child suffers nothing. An aural defect is more difficult to detect and may go for years unnoticed.

However, this danger is quickly passing because of the deep interest taken in the matter by otologists and members of various leagues of hard of hearing. Today, in the larger cities, school children are examined and tested in many ways, and records kept of such findings. Thus, a child with aural defects is found and steps are taken to aid him. The important thing today is the way in which the child is aided and to what extent. Ordinarily, the

hard of hearing child in the past and even today is taken care of in the day school for the deaf or in the residential school for the deaf. Under existing conditions, this is the only possible policy to follow. Yet, such arrangement is not ideal. It is not to the best interests of the hard of hearing child nor the deaf child. Both suffer in different ways because of being educated under the same conditions. The deaf child from birth, the semi-mute, the semi-deaf, the totally deaf child, require different mental approach, different means of instruction, different emphasis, and different goals from those of the hard of hearing child. To place them side by side and carry them along the same educational lines is injurious to both, and steps should be taken to change such arrangement and afford the best educational environment and opportunities for each group. Some advocate placing the hard of hearing in pure oral schools only. This is false reasoning. The deaf child, whether taught orally or otherwise, is limited in language expression and comprehension and consequently cannot expect to compare with the hard of hearing child in ability or educational attainment. To give each child his just due there must be wholesome cooperation and sympathetic understanding, void of all selfishness and prejudice among the otologists, the city school superintendents, the day school and special class authorities, the residential school superintendents, and the parents of these children. Without such needed understanding, the deaf child nor the hard of hearing child will ever receive his just heritage. The otologist should be looked to for assistance and advice coming from his particular field of endeavor and background of experience.

After careful and expert examination and study are given cases, definite and clear-cut differentiation should be made, and each individual "deaf" case be placed in its proper category and followed up in the first year in order to justify and substantiate the original findings or decision. The differentiation should be done by one who knows the psychology and the physical factors of both the deaf and the hard of hearing. In fact, such testing, study, and deciding should be done by a central office whenever conditions and circumstances warrant such logical and valuable procedure. One with background of experience and knowledge can make such decisions which will prove to be of great benefit to all concerned. Under such expert and valuable guidance, the deaf child in need of special instruction in language, speech, lip-reading, trade teaching, and character building will be sent to a school where such can be had. The hard of hearing child, who already has good language, normal mental growth and development, and speech, but who now is handicapped by an aural defect of a greater or less degree, will, if the proper facilities are afforded and the proper policy followed, be kept in his grade school or his high school and will be given special instruction in lip-reading and if necessary correction, as part of his high school or school preparation. Throughout these numerous and varying cases, special cases will appear and will necessarily call for different treatment.

A child at 12 years of age becoming suddenly and totally deaf should receive different attention and care (educationally) from that given one of the same age who is hard of hearing and is gradually losing the full power of hearing.

In following the policy of periodical examination of all

school children and finding those with aural defects and affording them medical care and attention, many may be saved from suffering a permanent hearing defect. Some may continue to experience the aural weakness but in a checked form. Of course there will be some whose defect, in spite of remedial measures, will be progressive. If the patient, young or old, could assume the proper mental attitude, better success in care and treatment would result. The average individual, suffering from an aural defect, expects the otologist to immediately, through treatment, restore the loss or percentage of loss of hearing. This is the wrong attitude. To check further loss and keep active the hearing that remains, should be all the patient should expect. When this is done and accomplished, the other, if possible, will come.

But, the all important thing is the early detection of the case and the immediate care and treatment. Many cases of hearing defects, if taken in time can be remedied. To think a major part of our later ear defects and handicaps have their beginnings in childhood between the ages of one and twelve, which is cared for properly and promptly would never have existed. What a great handicap in life when a little knowledge could have prevented it. What a great economic loss to the community, state, and country. Compute the loss in dollars and cents and one is astonished. Greater still, estimate the loss in personal comfort, happiness and future welfare of the individual handicapped.

Money, time, and thought expended at the beginning will save much in the end. In fact, there could be no greater, more humane investment made.

These aims can be attained and the purposes accomplished if there is harmonious, unselfish, and sympathetic co-operation among these groups who would naturally be closely connected with this special field of service. An unbiased, clear, and proper understanding of the problem, physically, educationally, and economically, should be had by those concerned. The otologist should be concerned with the physical aspects only and should not attempt to speak or advise authoritatively as to the education of the deaf child or the hard of hearing. He is not an educator of special classes and knows nothing of the problem from this angle. The education of the deaf child or the special preparation for the hard of hearing calls for special training and long experience. The teacher of the deaf would look out of place telling the otologist what is best to do in his profession and how he should carry on his preventive measures. Great and untold damage is done this way. The otologist, who may be sincere, has had no actual classroom or teaching experience with the deaf and merely has information through hearsay. Yet the average parent of the deaf child or very hard of hearing child will follow his suggestions and recommendations implicitly, taking it for granted that he is an authority on education of special cases. The average city superintendent of schools, who is conscientious and sincere in his efforts to answer his responsibilities, knows very little if anything about the special work with the deaf child or about the special needs of the hard of hearing child. He could not tell whether or not his principal and his teachers of his special classes were truly well grounded and well trained for this special work. Educational achievement and proper progress would not be known to him. And yet, many such children and their future come under his jurisdiction. Since this is part of his responsibility, he should not be entirely governed and allured by hearsay, the reading of articles on the subject, and outside influence. He should be educated and shown the true problem and the various angles of the educational work with the deaf and of the grave need of special attention for the hard of hearing. Better still and a more

logical arrangement, would be a special office or supervisor for this particular branch of work. The principals and teachers of residential and day schools, where the deaf and the hard of hearing child are found, are endeavoring to give the handicapped child everything possible to ease and make better his lot. However, they should not feel that God has chosen them and their ideas as the sole and proper means of leading the deaf out of the slough of darkness and helplessness. They should not feel that the deaf child is different from the hearing child, emotionally, physically, mentally, or morally. He is physically handicapped and lacks the power of expression and that is all. He is human and has feelings of hope and despair. His reactions and mental pictures are the same. The life of a deaf child consists of more than that just expressed in the classroom. There is his play, his religious side, his social side, his future economic side. Do not limit your experience to just one phase. Do not study him under a limited, repressed, and "held-in" environment and then feel that you know the problem. It requires longer and greater study and experience than this.

To know one's mental, moral, and economic problems one must live with the deaf child under various conditions. Associate with him at play, at the social, at church. Mix with the adult deaf—get their angle. Look at the matter from all sides. Be open minded and avoid prejudice and judge with clear thinking. Then and only then should one feel that he or she has something definite and convincing to say. Avoid being opinionated. Think and reason from actual personal experiences and contact. So, I would say, more sympathetic association with the deaf and the hard of hearing outside the classroom; more contact with the adult deaf; an open ear and mind to all phases in deaf education; a full realization that there is no single royal road to the alleviation of the deaf individual; a closer, more sympathetic and healthful cooperation with all who are concerned with the problem—the teacher of the city school, the teacher of the residential school, the otologist, and the parent. These should be the essential factors insuring ultimate and proper success.

The next step of great importance is the exact and unfaltering understanding of the true meanings of the various terms applied to the different classes of deafness. In other words, a very clear-cut, definite, forceful and proper nomenclature is vitally necessary at the start. All interested should acquaint themselves with the nomenclature, so that all can speak understandably and truthfully about the different types and not talk about the deaf child when really the case is clearly merely hard of hearing. Without this necessary, distinct, and thoroughly understood terminology, normal and healthful progress will not be had.

The study of the deaf problem is not a simple one. It is one that cannot be settled from the office chair and from reading and writing articles. It is a serious, humane, and economic problem and should be given thought and attention. The initial procedure or step naturally would be to fully realize that all deaf do not classify into one class, physically, mentally, or otherwise. They do not all follow one pattern as some would make us believe. There are the mentally superior, the average, the mentally slow, the dull and retarded, the stolid and unemotional, the nervous and responsive, the totally deaf from birth, the congenitally deaf with sound perception, the congenitally deaf with apparent hearing, the adventitiously deaf, becoming so at different ages, the semi-mute, the semi-deaf, and the "hearing" deaf child. These comprise the group commonly known as deaf and should never be confused in any way with the hard of hearing. These terms and their distinctive classification should be carefully learned and clearly understood by

all in the profession and should convey the same thought to all in all sections of the country. Without it, there will be no normal progress in the solution of this vital problem. The hard of hearing child does not class with the deaf. One understands, reacts, and thinks automatically in spoken language when brought within the range of hearing. The other either does not hear or should he have a slight degree of residual hearing must be taught to hear and to react to spoken words or language and cannot "think" automatically in spoken language. This is the difference but it spells a gap that is practically insurmountable and a gap that is not fully realized by the majority. It is very surprising to realize how such a serious problem has been so long overlooked and apparently neglected. The early leaders of our profession advocated special and proper attention for the hard of hearing separate and apart from the regular teaching of the deaf child. However, very little if anything in a concerted effort was done. Even today, although many people are interested in the problem, many of our children with aural defects are still going through or rather struggling through school life unnoticed and without remedial care or attention. More stress, greater concentration, and actual work this handicapped child should be done and done without further delay. Nothing can be more true than that "the dead hand of spiritual ancestry lays no more sacred duty on posterity than that of realizing under happier circumstances ideas which the stress of age or the shortness of life has deprived of their accomplishment." Let us all give a pull, along pull, and a strong pull together.

Children of Deaf Parents



Edward M. Code, Jr., four years old and Eugene Joseph, three years, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward M. Cody, of College View, Nebraska

Tell Him Now

If with pleasure you are viewing
Any work a friend is doing,
If you like him or you love him, tell him now;
Don't withhold your approbation
Till the preacher makes oration
And he lies with snowy lillies o'er his brow.

For, no matter how you shout it,
He won't care a thing about it—
He'll now know how many tear drops you have shed;
So, if you think some praise is due him,
Now's the time to slip it to him,
For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead.

More than fame and more than money
Is the comment kind and sunny
And the hearty, warm approval of a friend,
For it gives to life a savor
And it makes you stronger, braver,
And it gives you heart and courage to the end.

If he earns your praise, bestow it,
If you like him, let him know it;
Let the words of true encouragement be said.
Do not wait till life is over
And he sleeps beneath the clover,
For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead.

—Selected

Mrs. City—Those eggs are too small.

Grocer—They're fresh from the country.

Mrs. City—Farmers pick their eggs before they are full size.

National Ass'n of the Deaf

16th TRIENNIAL CONVENTION

and

4th World Congress of the Deaf

Buffalo, N.Y., Aug. 4 To 9, 1930

This convention will be a triple-barrelled affair. Besides being a World Congress of the Deaf it will celebrate the Golden Anniversary of the N. A. D. and will witness the unveiling of the \$10,000 Abbe de l'Epee statue.

*Come to Buffalo---See Niagara Falls
Come to Buffalo---See Roycroft Town*

History will be made; come and help us make it. Hotel Reservations can now be made. Write for our attractive FREE folders and literature to

CHARLES N. SNYDER

Secretary-Publicity

58 Harrison Ave., Lockport, N. Y.

The Deaf World

Deaf and Dumb drivers are the safest according to the Vancouver chief of police. So most of the drivers you meet are only half safe.—*San Diego Union*.

Mr. Cadwallader Washburn, the noted deaf artist, has an exhibition at the Sally Fowler's shop, 24 Charles St., Boston, Mass., Drypoints, Riviera Series. The exhibit will last through to December 24, according to the *Boston Evening Transcript*, Dec. 1st, 1928.—*Ohio Chronicle*.

We learn through the columns of the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal* that Mr. Merton Galloway has been admitted as a member of the Washington Masonic Lodge. Mr. Galloway and Mr. Gilbert Erickson, of Chicago, are the only deaf Masons in this country as far as we have been able to ascertain.—*Oklahoman*.

Miss Marjorie May Miles, Linotype operator with the New York *Evening Post*, was the subject of a column sketch in the *Post* in May. Rendered almost entirely deaf by an accident when a child Miss Miles has educated herself, and is a good operator. She is a good dressmaker and milliner, too, and is said to be a good cook.—*St. Joseph of the Oaks*.

Four priests in Cincinnati have been made Monsignors by Pope Pius X., because of distinguished service in the cause of religion, although in widely separated fields. One of the four is Rev. Henry J. Waldhausen, who is chaplain of St. Rita's School for the Deaf, and is the outstanding priest in the diocese working in the interest of the deaf.—*Catholic Deaf-Mute*.

The *Silent Hoosier* mentions a pupil of their school who worked in a factory during the summer vacation. As he was leaving to return to school, work was suspended in the factory, while all hands assembled in the office. There the boy was presented with a wrist watch the contribution of twenty-five of his fellow workmen at the factory. Quite an unusual and no doubt well merited recognition.—*California News*.

ROME, Sept. 8.—A congress of deaf-mutes was held in Rome yesterday. Speech after speech was made in gestures, and the entire proceedings were held in deep silence.

There are 40,000 deaf-mutes in Italy, only 10,000 of them educated in special schools.

They are seeking more schools which will train them to take their places in factories and workshops on an equality with others.—*St. Joseph of the Oaks*.

AUBURN, N. Y., Aug. 20.—Forty-five years ago Edward Stivers, a laundryman, lost his hearing completely through an attack of scarlet fever.

In all that time he had been unable to hear anything. He became a lip-reader, drove his own car, built up a comfortable business in a laundry and went through a noiseless world.

Suddenly last week his hearing return-

ed. He sat in his motor car and all of a sudden the tangled discord of modern day noises beat upon him. He heard his brother speak, but could not understand, "as he roared like a bull."

Stivers is beginning to be accustomed now even to the peculiar noise that his medium priced motor car makes.

"Well it certainly is wonderful," Stivers commented when asked how he enjoyed hearing.—*Brooklyn Times*.

The *Washingtonian* mentions that Ellis McDonald, the "mighty stroke of the University of Washington crew returned to civilization a few days since after performing duties in the Cascade mountains in the totesry service for our Uncle Sam." For the benefit of NEWS readers i might add that Ellis is the son of deaf parents, that he is the newly elected captain of the Washington crew, and that the Huskies are and long have been one of the country's leading crews.—*California News*.

Mr. Edwin A. Hodgson has become a beneficiary of the State Retirement Annuity Fund, after serving the Institution as instructor in printing for more than 51 years.

Although relinquishing his duties as instructor, Mr. Hodgson still retains his connection with the institution and will continue as editor of the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal*.

Miss Juanita Vaughn, of the California School, counts herself fortunate in being related to Herbert Hoover. She states that the brother of her grandfather on her maternal side was the father of Herbert Hoover. Miss Vaughn is now studying to enter Gallaudet College.

If she gets to Gallaudet, she may have the opportunity of spending some of her week ends with "Cousin Herbie's" folks and perhaps, interesting them in the College.—*Kentucky Standard*.

Newspaper dispatches from Porto Rico on Sept. 13 told of a terrific hurricane that swept the island. The wind left a wide path of desolation in San Juan and its suburbs, the town of Santurce being virtually leveled.

It is at Santurce that St. Gabriel's school for the deaf was opened by the Mission Helpers Servants of the Sacred Heart in 1915.

This school is the only one of its kind on the Island and has been the means of salvation to the little deaf children for whom nothing had been done until the Sisters came to Porto Rico.—*The Catholic Deaf-Mute*.

Now comes a request from a Cleveland firm asking for information about the sign language and finger spelling. The person who made the request wants to learn them. The reason is that the firm has forty-three employed and has no way of communicating but by writing.

Such information as we had was gladly sent. We hope some of the deaf people employed will take an interest in teaching some person connected with the business the sign language and finger spell-

ing. If any can talk fairly well that fact should be made known and the speech should be used. Out of forty-three there ought to be a number who can speak well.

The employer is Mr. Max Badstuber of 7412 Halle Ave., Cleveland, Ohio. He appears to be much interested and the deaf should meet him much more than half way.

We hope also that in the near future Mr. Badstuber can join Henry Ford in saying that the deaf are one hundred percent in their work, attention to business and good behavior.

It should always be remembered that no business can keep an employee whose services are not profitable. The study and effort, therefore, of every person so employed should be to earn enough money for the business that it can pay his salary and have something left for the firm to do business on.

If the forty-three deaf persons about whom the inquiry is made could know how much interest we have at this end of the line they would surely make good.—*Ohio Chronicle*.

A writer gives us the following picture of Thomas A. Edison. It is interesting to us especially because the great wizard is deaf:

There he sat, as usual, indifferent to the conversation which he could not follow.

I see him drawn back into himself, his hands on his knees. They are long hands, marked with scars and blemishes. They are the great adventures of his many things, with which he has thousands of times fastened together and unfastened rings and wheels, wire and chains in order to make something that mankind needs.

The conversation rippled along. He alone sat wrapped in his thoughts—his deafness makes him productive. The wrinkles on the bridge of his nose become deeper, and the great veins on his forehead are plastic.

Silently his wife looked over toward him. He did not see her.

Edison was thinking.—*California News*.

Alexander Berryessa was seen at the picnic under the auspices of St. Francis de Sales Society for the Deaf in Mosswood Park, Oakland, last summer. He came to this school from Alviso in March, 1919, and remained till November, 1920. He was taken home and then attended private schools for years. He made some progress in articulation and lip-reading. He lost his hearing from abscess of the ear at the age of 7 months. He is 21 years old. He checks auto and motor traffic on Alviso bridge near San Jose. Another interesting young deaf man was present at the same picnic. He was a Japanese. Though uneducated, he learned fast in sign-talking with those deaf men he had happened to notice and meet near San Jose. Industrious by habit and quick of understanding, he has been in demand in fruit orchards.—*California News*.

At the recent Conference of Superintendents and Principals at Knoxville, Tenn., it was recommended by resolu-

tion that "all schools be urged to offer at least two years of 'high school type of organization and curricula' which seems particularly adaptable to schools for the deaf."

When it is taken into consideration that a great many applicants for entrance examination to Gallaudet College, do not pass the tests without further preparation, the wisdom of the Conference will get universal commendation and endorsement.

The schools are handicapped by necessary grade promotions, when pupils really have failed to make the grade. Too much time has been spent on training the tongue and the et cetera that goes along with speech and lip-reading. It would be far better for the pupils, if more time were allotted to the work of teaching the brain to think, rather than in training the tongue to talk.

The value of speech to the deaf is universally acknowledged by the deaf. They should all be given a chance at oral training, if it is not practiced at the expense of the mental and moral progress of the child.

But to hold back a child in order to vindicate any one method—there are several methods of proven worth—is entirely wrong.

With very few exceptions, the present day teachers cannot judge the value of the sign language (and even the finger alphabet), because they do not know either. Yet it has produced a greater number of highly educated deaf than all other methods combined. And it has produced these high results at far less expense, for the ordinary class of pupils numbered from 26 to 30.—*Editorial in Deaf-Mutes' Journal*.

DEAF CHOIR IN PATHÉ REEL

A couple of Sundays ago moving pictures were taken by the Pathé Moving Picture Artists of the Choir of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes. The girls' choir or three hymns, in concerted signs. A goodly congregation was in the church edifice at the time.—*Deaf-Mutes' Journal*.

AUNT OF CHARLES CURTIS

During the summer several newspapers carried articles about Mrs. Neal Curtis, of Lawrence, Kansas. Mrs. Curtis is an aunt of Charles Curtis. She was a student at the School for the Deaf, Olathe, Kansas, for eight years, from 1866 to 1874. Her husband, Charles Curtis, uncle to our next Vice-President and recently deceased, taught there for two years, from 1870 to 1872.—*Kentucky Standard*.

A VETERAN DEAF TEACHER

Mr. A. B. Greener, long a teacher in the Ohio School and well known throughout the profession, celebrated his eightieth birthday recently, and was the recipient of hundreds of congratulations and best wishes from friends all over the country. Many deaf boys and girls in the Buckeye State have grown up to bless him. The DEAF CAROLINIAN joins his friends in congratulating him on his natal day and wishing him many more years of happiness and usefulness.—*Deaf Carolinian*.

BEAUTY CULTURE IN SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

Miss Cecelia Plaisance of Dr. Smith's class in the School for the Deaf, Faribault, Minnesota, is taking a six weeks' course

in beauty culture. The Superintendent has gained the co-operation of the State Board of Civilian Vocational Rehabilitation in this new departure of vocational aid for his deaf pupils.

It is planned to equip a room in Tate Hall as a beauty parlor, form a small class in beauty culture, and have this young lady assist the present instructor in barbering during the two hour period assigned for trade instruction.—*Mt. Airy World*.

DEAF BOY HONORED

Last summer Howard McComb worked for the Scott Stove and Furniture Co. in Hammond.

When he quit, September 1, to come back to school, his friends at the factory presented him with a wrist watch, with this letter:

"Howard McComb:

The undersigned have contributed the amount for the wrist watch we want you to have while you are at school. We all wish you the best school year that you have ever had. Keep up the fight in spirit and win the high score in the game of life. We are all your friends."

Then follows the names of twenty-five of his fellow workmen at the factory. The presentation was made in the company's main office and work was suspended to enable all the factory men and women to be present.—*Exchange*.

DEAF EMPLOYES

The management of the Kentucky School has treated the deaf well in the matter of appointments, and there are twenty-eight employed here in various capacities. There are fourteen teachers, nine in the industrial department.

Three are supervisors, and four are employed in the domestic department. The other seven are colored, all former pupils of our colored department, and fill positions as cooks, houseboys, janitors and kitchen helpers.

It is a graceful act on the part of the management of a school when former pupils are invited back to fill positions in which the lack of hearing does not interfere with efficient service.

Very few schools seem averse to employing the deaf, but how they can expect others to offer the employment which they themselves decline to give isn't clear.—*The Kentucky Standard*.

THE SILENT CONGRESS.

A unique conference is being held at Rome—a conference in which nobody speaks and nobody listens, although "speeches" are made and ideas exchanged. It is the National Congress of Deaf-Mutes, the second which has been held.

Several hundreds of deaf-mutes collected at ten o'clock in Piazza Venezia, the large square surmounted by the Victor Emanuel monument. Each little group carried the flag of its district. Signor Brestini, president of the Federation, addressed the assembly briefly by means of the deaf and dumb language, after which a metal crown was placed on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. All filed past, raising their right hands in the Fascist salute. Another metal crown was placed on the monument to the fallen Fascist in the Campidoglio, after which the congress adjourned at

11:30 to the hall of the Corporation of the Press.

Here Cavaliere Francesco Micheloni, president of the Rome association of the deaf and dumb, welcomed the visitors, making an eloquent speech in gestures so rapidly that none but a deaf-mute who had used that method of conversation all his life could understand it. The rest of the proceedings were informal, private conversations being carried on until lunch.

An excellent after-dinner speech was made by one of the visitors and the conference was adjourned shortly afterwards with everybody in high spirits. The aim of this event is to increase the amenities available for the afflicted persons represented.—*Clipping*.

CONGRATULATIONS TO TWO VETERANS

Two veteran Ohio educators, now retired, have just celebrated their eightieth birthdays, rather their friends celebrated for them. Dr. Robert Patterson and Mr. A. B. Greener, revered by many generations of pupils of the Ohio School, were remembered with gifts of flowers and hundreds of messages of greeting from old friends and former pupils. Both are spending life's evening near the school to which they gave their all of strength, intellect, devotion. Their years of usefulness to the deaf are not over, for Dr. Patterson is President of the Board of the Ohio Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf, and is active in its affairs, while Mr. Greener is likewise a member of the Board Home and fills most capably the position of assistant editor of the *Ohio Chronicle*. We join the hosts of friends of these two honored veterans in congratulating them on their anniversaries, and wishing for them many more happy useful years.—*The Kentucky Standard*. Thank you, Colonel for the bouquet. Hope you will be up here soon so we can clasp hands.—*A. E. in Ohio Chronicle*.

GIVING THE DEAF A LIFT

Giving the deaf a lift was discussed in a recent article by that popular newspaper writer, Dr. Crane.

As usual, Dr. Crane threw more light on his subject in a very limited space than almost any other syndicate writer could without dampening the reader's interest with dull facts. But while most of his assertions hit the mark, he makes some wild lunges at the facts before the end of his article, for it is too much to expect even a brilliant writer like Dr. Crane to be wholly free from certain popular misconceptions concerning the deaf. Like other busy writers he probably got his information on the subject cut, dried and tied up in a bundle, entirely from one source, and so his article gives a somewhat misleading impression.

Dr. Crane leads off with a plausible truism that captures the casual reader's approval at the outset, preparing him to swallow every statement that follows. "What people want" we are told, "that is the self-respecting kind of people, is not charity, but employment." To which dictum, we all assent, for the same has been said in about the same words by a lot of our own deaf scribes. And the sentiments that follow are no less plausible, for the writer declares that "the most commendable trait in a human

being is a desire to stand on his own feet and get himself off other people's backs. When you give a man a job, therefore you give a boost to his personality. You help him respect himself."

And right after that pleasing platitude, Dr. Crane shoots wild with the statement: "We are sorry for the deaf people, and none of us would object to giving them a quarter now and then to help them along."

From this it appears that Dr. Crane is not acquainted with the deaf as a class, but has drawn upon his imagination by reading of a few isolated cases where some "deaf" person (most likely an impostor) asked alms. For the great body of the deaf are no more in need of Dr. Crane's pity or charity than are any other class of people. The fact is, you will find a hundred, or more, able bodied beggars for every deaf one.

The assistance given the deaf in finding employment by the American Federation of Organizations for the Hard of Hearing with headquarters in Washington, and the New York League for the Hard of Hearing is pointed out by Dr. Crane as a good example. In commanding this work it should be said that the labor bureaus for the deaf fostered by some of our state associations were the pioneers in this movement, but for years they have been doing their magnificent work without making so much noise about it as does the leagues for the hard of hearing.—*Alabama Messenger*.

DANISH DEAF SCHOOLS THE BEST

Denmark's system of schools for the deaf is perhaps perfect, the Rev. Fr. Henry J. Kaufmann, chaplain of the St. Mary's Hospital, Detroit, observes as the result of a trip to Norway and Denmark to observe conditions among deaf mutes.

Fr. Kaufmann has had considerable experience in dealing with the problems of deaf mutes in Detroit, and his recent trip abroad was to acquire further information that might be applied to conditions here and elsewhere in the United States.

"I often had the desire to visit Denmark because there the children who are born deaf or lose their hearing in babyhood receive the most rational treatment from the State and teachers. The Danish system of schools for the deaf is perhaps perfect," he said.

"The deaf children there are divided into three classes. Class A comprises those children who lost their hearing after they had begun to articulate, and the very intelligent of those children congenitally deaf. Class B includes children of ordinary talents, and Class C those of inferior intelligence, but not mentally defective.

"The classes not only are separated but also are taught in separate schools in different cities. They are boarding schools which are considered best for the deaf. In the Class A school the oral method of teaching is used exclusively, in the Class B school both the oral and manual systems and in Class C the sign language prevails."

Fr. Kaufmann said he believed this system is the only rational one and added that until it is adopted here conditions will be unfair to the children of Classes A and B—*The Canadian*.

BEATRICE HASENSTAB BECOMES BRIDE OF LEE M. KRAFFT

The marriage of Miss Beatrice Elliott Hasenstab, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Philip Joseph Hasenstab, 5340 Ellis Ave., to Lee M. Krafft, son of Mr. and Mrs. Bert H. Krafft, Oak Park, took place Nov. 17 at St. James Methodist Episcopal church. The service was read at 4 o'clock by the bride's father, assisted by Dr. Daniel Brummitt, editor of the Northwestern Christian Advocate.

The bride wore a gown of ivory satin and old family lace, and a tulle veil which fell from a close-fitting lace cap. She carried a shower bouquet of bride's white roses and lilies of the valley.

The matron of honor, Mrs. Theodore Taylor, wore an orchid tulle frock. Her flowers were butterfly roses. The bridesmaids, Mrs. Ted Haskell, Mrs. Millard R. Elmes and Marian World, wore tulle dresses that shaded in color from bronze to peach, and carried chrysanthemums.

The matron of honor and two of the bridesmaids are sisters of the bride.

Ted Haskell was the best man, and the ushers were Millard R. Elmes and Theodore Taylor.

The ceremony was followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents.

The young couple left on a wedding trip by motor through the South. When they return they will live in Oak Park.—*Hyde Park Herald (Chicago)*

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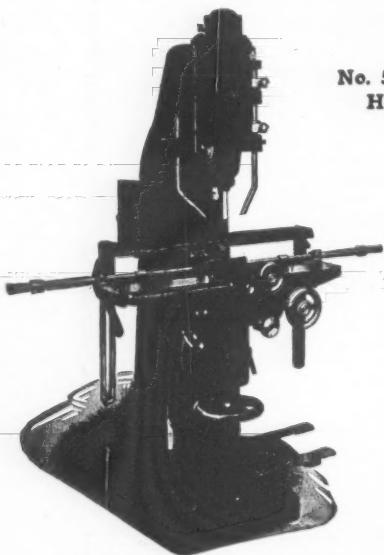
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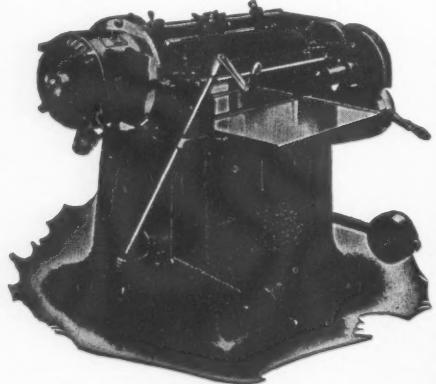
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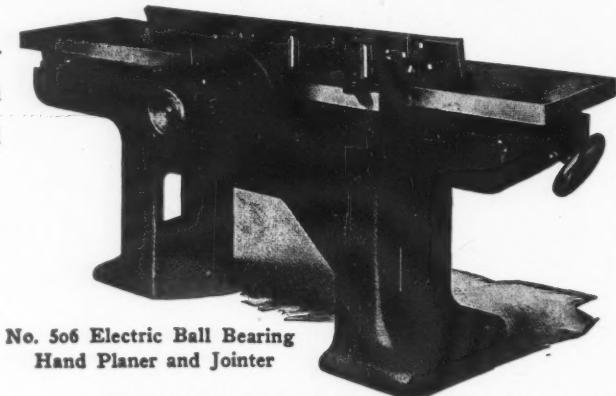
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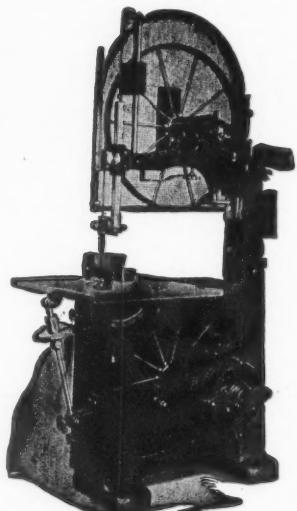


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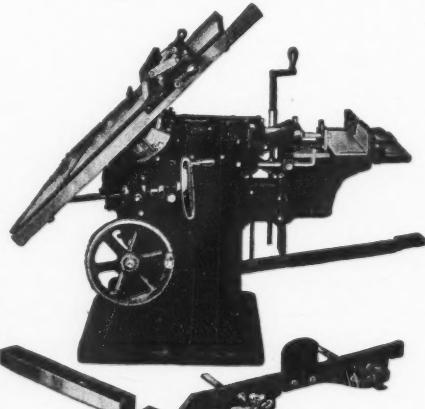
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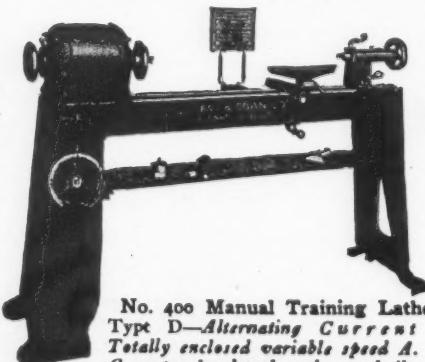
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One lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,
One lesson which in every wind is blown,
One lesson of two duties kept at one
Though the loud world proclaim their enmity-

Of toil unsever'd from tranquillity !
Of labour, that in lasting fruit outgrows
Far noisier schemes, accomplish'd in repose,
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry !

Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,
Man's fitful uproar mingling with his toil,
Still do thy sleepless ministers move on,

Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting ;
Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil,
Labourers that shall not fail, when man is gone.



BY MATTHEW ARNOLD